AUG 9 1984
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY

New Statesman

3 August 1984 70p IR£1.16 US$1.50 By Air

I'm STOL, fly me

The story of a hype

END's 3rd Conference • Obscenity • Summertime jazz

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman
New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1984 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Milton
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, David Jones 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £32, Overseas £36

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £41, Africa, India, South America £45, Australasia, Far East £49, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover drawing: Louis Hellman

Businessmen's Express
Bob Colenutt and Hilary Wainwright examine a scheme to build a new airport in London's Docklands — for the benefit of City businessmen p.8

Dirty minds at work
A recent prosecution has succeeded where earlier actions failed in finding a drug-related pamphlet 'obscene'. Scott Malcomson reports p.12

Tentative dialogue in Perugia
END's third convention was attended by over 1,000 delegates from as far away as the Pacific basin. Lynne Jones sends a personal account p.16

Watched Kettle
Jules Lubbock on the small-scale approach to architecture at Kettle's Yard p.22

Summertime jazz
Charles Fox visits the festivals and tunes in to the tunes on TV p.28

News: 245T Court action; Re-Chem under fire; Bow Street demo ruling; deception at GCHQ?; cash cuts and rail crashes; Bradford race march; Home Office threat to ex-rioters; in court at Mansfield; Crown Agents fuss pp.4-6
Paddy Ashdown MP: unemployment won't go away p.7
Martin Brown: In house TU disputes p.11
Moyra Doorly: Leeds policewomen p.12
Charles Raw: Building society reforms p.14
Islander: Diary p.15
Roger Woddis p.15
Vron Ware: Ku Klux Klan p.17
John Turkie: Arafat in control p.18
Howard Barrell: Pre-election tensions in South Africa p.19
Bretécher p.20
Letters p.21
Patricia Craig: Virginia Woolf p.23
Steven Rose: Biotechnology p.24
Michael Leapman: USA p.24
Shorter reviews p.26
Roger Lewis: Fiction p.27
Naseem Khan: Theatre p.29
Francis Wheen: Film p.29
John Spurling: Visual art p.30
Mary Harron: Television p.31
Stephanie Jordan: Dance p.31
Anne Smith: First person p.32
Weekend competition p.32
Salamanca p.33
Listings p.35

Distributed in the UK by Turnaround Distributors and Scottish & Northern

The Nicky Kelly case is one of the longest running and most controversial political issues in the Irish Republic. This book examines the Kelly case and through it the attitude of the Southern state in the face of the Northern troubles over the past fifteen years.

Please Send me ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS

NAME:
ADDRESS:

In case of gift, please give name and address of sender.

NAME:
ADDRESS:

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £5

I wish to pay for the book by ACCESS. My card number is:

I wish to pay for the book by AMERICAN EXPRESS. My credit card number is:

I wish to pay for the book by VISA. My credit card number is:

I wish to pay for the subscription by DINERS CLUB. My card number is:

Send to: **MAGILL, 14 Merrion Row, Dublin 2, Ireland.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

Vol 108 No 2785 3 August 1984

A tale of two colonies

MRS THATCHER at least has the good sense to recognise an irresistible force when it hits her in the face. Her factotum, Sir Geoffrey Howe, has made the best of a bad hand on his latest trip to China and given in with such grace as the government could muster on the issue of the sovereignty of Hong Kong.

It is obviously the right decision. Britain has no conceivable national interest in continuing an entirely anachronistic act of colonialism at considerable political and financial expense on the other side of the world. Hong Kong today exhibits all the pluses and minuses of a freebooting capitalist society — corruption, speculation, triad gangsters, crooked police, speculation, prostitution, drugs; but also a higher average living standard than in most of the rest of Asia, greater political and cultural freedom, better public housing, education and health care. Many of the expatriate British business community have a very direct personal vested interest in the continuation of the Hong Kong way of life. There is, however, no direct British national interest in preserving it in its present form.

Even if there were such an interest, Mrs Thatcher has been made to realise that there is no way in which it could be defended. The Chinese (Nationalist just as much as Communist) have never accepted the legitimacy of the granting of the original colony to Britain in 1841, as an incidental result of the First Opium War — when the British in the name of free trade and market forces imposed the curse of opium on China.

For any Chinese government that was the consequence of an unequal treaty, imposed upon China in a period of weakness, and therefore morally invalid. It was inevitable that China would use the reversion of the much larger and subsequently leased territories of Hong Kong in 1997 to rectify the national dishonour of 1841. The British government had no position from which to negotiate — its security forces in the colony rely mainly on a couple of battalions of Gurkha mercenaries. The colony is wide open to internal subversion. And, in any case, the Chinese can always turn off its water supply.

BUT MRS THATCHER'S welcome common sense today about where British interests in the matter of Hong Kong lie was not always so evident. In September 1982, flushed with her victory in the South Atlantic — and as ignorant of Chinese history, politics and national aspirations as she had been of Argentinian six months before — she made her now infamous trip to Hong Kong and Beijing. It went every bit as badly as her supposed Far Eastern advisers had feared.

With the Falklands coming out of every pore, she spoke about Britain's moral responsibility for the people of Hong Kong in terms which suggested that the British government would be prepared to do something physical to discharge that moral responsibility and to ensure that the post-1997 condition of the colony was acceptable to the majority of its inhabitants. With the Falklands gramophone record still turning, she spoke, too, of sovereignty in terms which suggested that the British claim to at least the 1841 part of the colony was inalienable. She really seemed to believe the winning the battle for Port Stanley had somehow restored Britain's standing as a world military and political power and that, as a result, the Chinese government would be forced to negotiate a future regime for Hong Kong very much on British terms.

The result was predictable. The Chinese were furious at such provocative ignorance of the politics and realities of the situation over Hong Kong. Their demands for the transitional arrangements between now and the return of sovereignty were increased; their guarantees about the future of Hong Kong's life-style after 1997 became more opaque; and their timescale for reaching agreement became more peremptory. In terms of negotiating on behalf of the inhabitants of Hong Kong, Mrs Thatcher's crass personal intervention in 1982 made a weak negotiating position substantially weaker.

NOW, AT LEAST, the Prime Minister has been taught the facts of neo-colonial life. It is, though, too much to hope that she might have the ability to learn lessons that could be applied in the Falklands and in our other few remaining colonial embarrassments. The ridiculous breakdown of exploratory talks between medium level British and Argentinian officials in Geneva last month, because the British side were under strict instructions not to allow the word sovereignty even to be breathed in their presence by an Argentinian, is evidence of the continuing total inflexibility of the British position.

Still, there will be life after Thatcher and a future British government would do well to reflect on certain aspects of the way in which Sir Geoffrey Howe has dutifully pulled Mrs Thatcher's Hong Kong chestnuts from the fire.

- First, he abandoned the parrot call that sovereignty is an inalienable and non-negotiable concept. In a situation where a discussion of sovereignty was an essential ingredient of any solution, it at once became a negotiable part of a compromise package. It will, of course, have to be part of any future substantive negotiation with the Argentine over the Falklands.

- Second, he accepted the realistic position that people's lives are not affected by abstract concepts like sovereignty, which so much bothers politicians and lawyers, but are affected by the nature of the political system in which they live and the kind of administration that regulates their lives. So, having conceded sovereignty, he concentrated on guarantees on these points. In the case of Hong Kong, the British government was the weak supplicant, with no real way of ensuring that guarantees are adhered to subsequently. In the case of the Falklands it would be able to stipulate virtually all that it wanted and make certain that it sticks.

- Third, in the case of Hong Kong there was no nonsense about the colonists having a *de facto* veto on the terms of any agreement. Information about the negotiations to the people of the colony has been sparse and anything resembling real consultation non-existent. If a British government considers this a legitimate way in which to arrange to hand over six million British subjects to Chinese Communist control, it must surely set a precedent for deciding how to handle the legitimate concerns of less than 2,000 inhabitants of the Falklands when the time comes to negotiate a proper and lasting solution to the conflict of British and Argentinian interests in the South Atlantic. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Union poised for 245T court action . . .

IN A MATTER of days the Transport and General Workers Union (TGWU) is expected to decide how to test in the courts employer liability in cases of employee injury apparently suffered through contact with 245T (trichlorophenol-oxy-acetic acid) — the chemical involved in Dow Chemicals' recent huge compensation payout to Vietnam veterans in the USA.

The TGWU's legal department may be taking up the British case of a man who was a crop sprayer between 1966-72. Besides suffering health problems himself, he has a daughter who has developed a rare soft tissue cancer and a son with a deformed bottom jaw.

His is one of over 120 cases of possible workplace-induced 245T injury under consideration by the TGWU. If his became the test case in a union-backed suit through the British courts it would arouse especial publicity: he worked as a sprayer for Chipman's, which is chaired by Denis Thatcher.

In the course of his work he used Chipman's Brushwood Killer which at the time contained 245T. Chipman's stopped using 245T in its formulations in 1981.

. . . while fears escalate in Scotland

MEANWHILE, a spokesperson for Re-Chem in Scotland has for the first time admitted that the controversy-surrounded chemical reprocessing plant *has* handled 245T.

Set up at Roughnute, Bonnybridge, Scotland, 10 years ago to destroy toxic waste by incineration and chemical treatment — it takes in dangerous waste from as far afield as Australia, Singapore, Scandinavia, and Holland — Re-Chem has announced plans to increase tenfold the amounts it processes, just as the government has announced plans for an enquiry into the effects of the plant.

Observers compare the situation to Sellafield (Windscale), subject of last week's Black report, and with the stage reached by the asbestos alarm before the dangers were at last conceded: 'The problem is to *prove* anything'.

Re-Chem employees have now themselves made statements to their local paper, the *Falkirk Herald*, but have asked that their names not be published for fear of losing their jobs. Unemployment is high: a man in his 30s or 40s sacked from Re-Chem would be unlikely to get any other work.

The employees paint a frightening picture of the plant: 'spillages are common', one is quoted as asserting; 'minor blasts and explosions are regular occurrences'. And 'workers are branded as troublemakers if they complain about safety standards'.

One of the substances giving cause for concern is PCB (polychlorinated biphenyl), banned since 1976 from all but closed systems, and in some countries completely banned. Its use in the UK is limited to insulating fluids in transformers. It has been linked to disorders of the liver, chronic bronchitis, suppression of the immune system, growth retardation, skin and pancreas cancer and sterility.

'We used to split open the metal containers with picks', one Re-Chem employee has alleged. 'The PCB went everywhere. It used to splash over our overalls and bodies. We thought nothing of it. We treated it like oil. The company never warned us. We only found out what we were dealing with when a shop steward looked up the meaning of PCB in a medical dictionary.'

There have been publicised claims of illness and birth deformity among humans and serious defects and illnesses in cattle in the vicinity of Bonnybridge — in the wake of which a Canadian scientist found traces of dioxin, the contaminant which appears during the making of 245T, and which is still in the soil of Seveso and Vietnam. Traces of PCB have been found in the nearby river Carron.

Two babies born to mothers living near the Re-Chem plant have been born with an eye missing, an affliction found in babies of Vietnamese mothers who had either themselves been in contact with 245T and dioxin, or where the fathers had been contaminated.

Dr John Wheeler, secretary of SCOTTIE (Society for the Control of Troublesome & Toxic Industrial Emission) says that workers at Re-Chem remember that 'TCPs were on site there' (of which 245T is one). Apparently in 1980 the Fire Brigades Union told Re-Chem that fire cover would be refused if they were called on to handle 245T.

Re-Chem itself has said (*Guardian* 7 July) that 245T has only ever been reprocessed at its Pontypool plant in Gwent — where there is also growing public concern. As to PCB at Bonnybridge, general manager Roderick Livingston has issued a statement to the *Falkirk Herald* saying that the workforce have always known what they were handling; that PCB stored and reprocessed doesn't constitute a health hazard; and that 'if there are any spillages . . . cleaning procedures are applied'.

But it seems, as the workers and the neighbourhood fear, that 245T has been at Bonnybridge. A spokesperson for Re-Chem told the *New Statesman* that all enquiries about the plant are now being handled by PR consultants George Hodge Associates in Edinburgh.

A representative of George Hodge (who spoke of Re-Chem throughout as 'we') agreed after some discussion that *245T had been re-processed at Bonnybridge during a trial run in July 1980. It has not been re-processed since.*

Whether 245T is stored at Bonnybridge the representative declined to say. (Finding out what chemicals are stored and re-processed anywhere is very difficult. The information, held by the Health & Safety Executive, is classified under Section 2 of the 1911 Official Secrets Act.)

SCOTTIE and local residents want Re-Chem closed down. Workers want their jobs but not health risks. One Bonnybridge baby is now in Germany undergoing special medical tests.

Judith Cook

Falkirk Press Service

Some of the trade drummed up at Re-Chem, Bonnybridge

Woolf's law

THE SUCCESS of Child Poverty Action Group (CPAG) in obtaining a High Court ruling (30 July) that the DHSS acted illegally in failing to pay back-benefits to 16,000 claimants, may have opened the door to a flood of similar 'representative actions'.

For the first time in Britain a judge, Mr Justice 'Harry' Woolf, has ruled that a group representing the 'interests of unidentified claimants' did have the locus standi, *or legal standing, to bring an action on their behalf.*

According to the CPAG's legal officer Roger Smith the judgment marks a significant advance which will allow pressure groups and other organisations representing consumers to bring cases against either government departments or commercial organisations.

'It brings us closer to the American system of class actions' he says — eg as used by Ralph Nader — 'and we expect to use the procedure in future cases.' So no doubt will others.

Kent Barker

Bow St rules OK

DEMONSTRATIONS outside the South African embassy (see NS 20 and 27 July) seem to be *on* again. Police have been acting 'in excess of their duty' in forcing anti-apartheid demonstrators to the St Martin-in-the-Field side-road, Bow Street magistrates have ruled in a critical test case, heard 1 August. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Armstrong detected in lie to GCHQ unions?

NEW DOUBTS surround the instruction that was purportedly given by Mrs Thatcher as Minister for the Civil Services banning trade unions at the Government Communications Headquarters at Cheltenham.

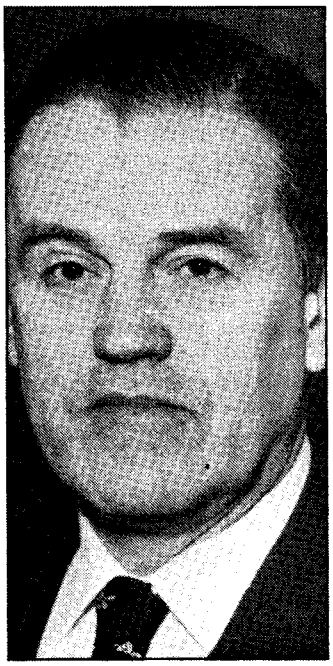
The government's case is that the Prime Minister gave an *oral* instruction to that effect on 22 December last year under article 4 of a 1982 Order in Council, which empowers the Minister for the Civil Service to give instructions for controlling the civil service and the conditions of service of civil servants.

The shock decision to remove the civil right to belong to a union for those working at GCHQ was eventually announced by Sir Geoffrey Howe on 25 January. But it now transpires that Sir Robert Armstrong, Secretary to the Cabinet and Mrs Thatcher's closest civil service adviser, wrote a letter to the GCHQ unions on 9 January offering further consultation on the proposed introduction of lie detectors at Cheltenham.

If the Prime Minister had already issued him with an oral instruction less than three weeks earlier that unions should be banned at GCHQ, Armstrong's official offer to them of more consultation would clearly have been made in gross bad faith.

Mr Justice Glidewell, who found on 16 July that the unions had been denied natural justice by the way in which the ban on union membership was imposed without consultation, was clearly sceptical about how such a vital instruction from the Prime Minister to Sir Robert Armstrong could have been made orally.

If Armstrong's letter of 9 January



Armstrong — epistemological inexactitude?

followed a firm instruction on 22 December, it would make him part of a conspiracy during January to mislead the unions about a decision on their future that the Prime Minister had already taken. The government, of course, resisted the unions' attempt to 'discover' any document that recorded the purported Thatcher instruction.

Meanwhile, the judiciary is putting itself out in no uncertain terms to help the government. With unprecedented speed the government's appeal against the Glidewell ruling will be heard on 13 August. Somehow the Court of Appeal has found time to slip the case in before the judges go off on their summer holidays.

The House of Lords has indicated that it, too, is on standby in case the Appeal judges happen to uphold Glidewell. The last time that things legal moved anything like so fast was in the Sarah Tisdall case.

David Vincent

Cash cut factor in rail crashes

THE DEATHS and injuries in this week's Scottish and Tyne and Wear rail crashes could well have been the victims of government spending curbs on the railways.

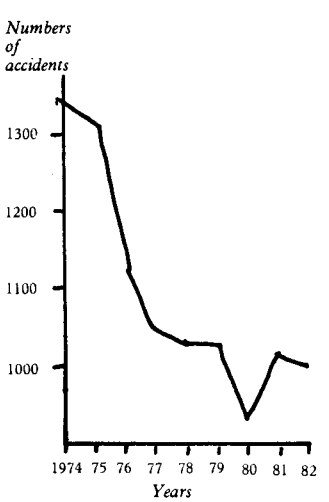
The probable cause of the Scots accident was that a cow got onto the line — which presupposes that the line-side fencing was poorly maintained.

British Rail's 1982 annual report highlighted the problem of poor maintenance. It said that spending on track and signalling had fallen by 2 per cent per annum — 'the effect of the squeeze on total rail expenditure'.

There has been a worrying upturn in railway accidents. The number declined steadily between 1972-80. But the number started rising again in 1981 and 1982, the latest years for which figures are available.

The problem could get worse. Transport secretary Nicholas Ridley is forcing BR to cut its annual subsidy by £200 million.

Mick Hamer



MISCELLANY

Battle of Brittan

The lovable whisperers, common to Tory circles, are after Leon Brittan again. A tide of rumour is washing the House of Commons to the effect that, undaunted by *Private Eye's* rebuttal of the accusations levelled against him, the plotters are going to attempt to smear the Home Secretary at the height of the party conference in the autumn; this time, it is rumoured, with incriminating documents. Thus the conspirators, whom *Private Eye* identified as disgruntled MI5 employees, hope to repeat Sara Keays's public relations triumph, when she issued her statement to *The Times* in the middle of last year's Tory conference.

Not one fish

Many a *New Statesman* journalist has been taken aside at under-fives open days or political meetings on the unfairness of banning the Northern Irish from joining the Labour Party and asked: 'What became of Bruce Page?' This column can supply the answer. Our former editor is currently, among other things, editing the engineering union's *AUEW Journal*. He is also writing parts of it (other parts are written by Peter Kellner) including, anonymously and in conjunction with AUEW general secretary Gavin Laird, last month's cover feature called 'Nuclear Power and the Future'. Page and Laird claim that 'not even a single fish is known to have suffered observable ill effects' from the accidental discharge of radioactivity from Sellafield. The article says that the nuclear industry 'must accept, in practice, the argument that all radioactivity is bad. The anti-nuclear campaigners must accept that the nuclear industry is far too important and productive to be closed down'. Page claims he has never been opposed to nuclear power, and, referring to *New Statesman* articles attacking the nuclear industry, that he has never taken the view that editors should agree with everything they publish. 'I'm not a pacifist or a unilateralist either,' he adds. This is the same Bruce Page who edited *Sanity*, the journal of CND, in the early 1960s, and who must take part of the credit for Edward Thompson's epoch-making article, 'An Alternative to Doomsday', in the Christmas 1979 edition of the *New Statesman*, which helped launch the revival of the peace movement.

Pop quiz

Time for a silly season Miscellany quiz. Who wrote this newspaper editorial? 'Last October we took over [the] paper. Most of what we set out to do has been achieved. The aim was to remove the political bias by taking national politics out of the paper and replacing it with a popular style of newspaper. Throughout, we have been more concerned with a bright and attractive presentation of articles of general interest rather than literary merit. We have concentrated on the controversial, the humorous and the fashionable. We offer no apologies for having sensationalised, for the dolly-birds, for the banner headlines. There was no pretence whatsoever to produce a "quality" newspaper.' Clue: the author is a Sunday newspaper editor who, since he took over last October, has made no pretence whatsoever to produce a 'quality' newspaper. The quotation is from the valedictory editorial in the Glasgow University *Guardian* penned in 1970 by Andrew, now 'Two Chauffeurs', Neil, the new editor of the *Sunday Times*.

Messing about

The retreat from 'quality' at the *Sunday Times* continues apace. Tony Bambridge, Managing Editor (News), protested 'But that's not the party line' two weeks ago when presented with a story linking Cumbrian leukaemia clusters with Windscale/Sellafield discharges. 'Two Chauffeurs' had great difficulty persuading dissatisfied journalists to go on this week's staff outing on a boat on the Thames and unwisely despatched Joyce Hopkirk to round up possible participants at £5 a head. Hopkirk is the new editor of the 'upwardly mobile' Look section. The few who fell prey to her entreaty were caught in a torrential downpour and most of them alighted at the first stop.

Leading by example

The government is very keen to improve the accounting of local councils, which is why it set up the Audit Commission last year with a brief to improve 'value for money' in local government. The Commission, whose members include Sir Lawrie Barratt, well-known builder of timber-frame houses, appoints auditors to all local councils in England and Wales: as a result a quarter of local authorities are now audited by private firms of accountants rather than public servants in the District Audit Service. Now the Commission has had its own accounts criticised by *its* auditors, the National Audit Office. Because of an error in the allocation of overheads, there is a shortfall of £20,000, although the Commission is required by law to break even.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chief super knew about that Bradford march

SO THE BRADFORD cops did know! — chief superintendent Roper of Bradford Central, who is now taking a fortnight's leave, knew about it, according to the Wakefield divisional HQ of West Yorkshire police.

Knew, that's to say, that the BNP (*British National Party*) was planning its first rally and paper sale in Bradford since 1979, which happened in the city centre on Saturday 21 July. Roper, says Wakefield, knew of the BNP's intentions the day before, on Friday 20 July.

Yet on Friday afternoon 20 July all political parties and community groups in Bradford had been assured by Bradford council — who had enquired of Bradford police — that the BNP was *not* meeting on the Saturday, and that should the situation change a banning order would be facilitated.

And following the Saturday BNP rally, in the course of which police moved on protesting Asians, deputy superintendent Brian Osborne of the city police told journalists 'it was an impromptu demonstration' even while Stanley Garnett, Leeds chairman of BNP, was insisting the BNP had gone through 'proper channels'.

Chief superintendent Roper will be meeting with Bradford Council's chief officers headed by Gordon Moore on his return from holiday.

Dave Harrison

Brittan tells ex-rioters: be good or get out

FIVE Asian youths who were imprisoned for offences committed during the summer riots of 1981 now face the threat of deportation after having served their sentence — ie a further 'sentence' of good behaviour for life.

Four — Para Singh, Abtar Singh, Roop Lal, and Mohammed Jamil — have received letters from the Home Office reminding them that they are 'liable to deportation'. The letter adds that if they re-offend, 'further consideration will be given to your position.'

A deportation order has already been made out against 21-year-old Karamjit Singh Varraich, who is appealing. He was convicted of arson and attempted arson at Birmingham Crown Court. While on bail awaiting trial he assaulted a man who shouted racial abuse at him, and as a result was also found guilty of wounding with intent.

All of the Asians were involved in a fire bomb attack on the Birmingham Horticultural club and the Birmingham British Legion club during the height of the Handsworth riots. The clubs were thought by the Asian community to operate a colour bar.

The Birmingham Crown Court didn't, significantly, recommend any of the five for deportation. All are in their teens or early twenties, and have not committed any offence since their release. They came to Birmingham from the Indian sub-continent as dependants of their parents who are British citizens, and still live with their parents.

If they were deported they'd be forced to return to a country they scarcely know. Karamjit Singh says: 'In India I lived with my grandfather. He died while I was in prison. I've no relatives I know in India, nor do I know where they live'.

Ken Browne of the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants argues: 'It's rare for first time offenders to receive warning letters or to be deported. This will effect their chances of getting British citizenship, and it means that they could now be deported for any offence no matter how trivial.'

Mohammed Jamil describes the letter as a 'prison sentence for life. I seem to have no political rights. I dare not join a strike or demonstration.'

Bhopinder Basi, a community worker at the Saltley Action Centre in Birmingham, claims: 'This is the first time that any of the 1981 rioters have been threatened with deportation. The community fears that their case could set a precedent that will be used against Black political activists.'

Several thousand Asians are expected to march through Birmingham on 4 August to show their support for the five youths. The Home Office confirms that the 'good behaviour' sentences are without time limit — but might be reviewed.

Arlen Harris

Crown 'Banana' skids again

COPIES of criticisms of the Crown Agents made by its own auditors, City accountants Deloitte Haskins & Sells, have been obtained by the *New Statesman*.

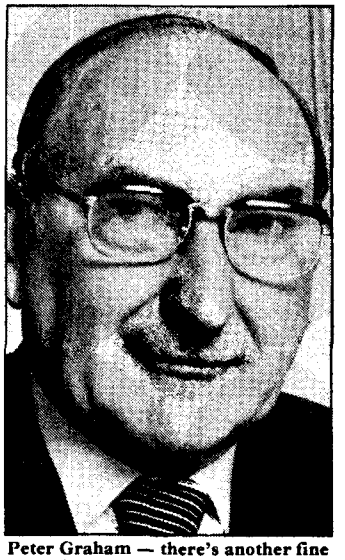
They suggest that the agency, a public body providing purchasing services mainly for former British colonies, has been charging clients before work is actually done and paying its own bills late.

Ultimate responsibility rests with Sir Geoffrey Howe as Foreign Secretary. When the Crown Agents figured in a spectacular scandal in the mid-70s, through using clients' funds for disastrous property speculation at the time of the secondary banking crisis, it lost its quasi-independence and was put under the overseas development department of the Foreign & Commonwealth Office.

Last year it was back in the bad news. Its principal remaining client, the Sultan of Brunei — the 'Gulf state' of South East Asia, with revenues from Shell-developed natural gas fields — abruptly withdrew his funds in the course of a row with the UK over post-independence arrangements.

Faced with a second public embarrassment over the Crown Agents in a decade Ministers considered closing the agency down. Instead, in February this year, the government was persuaded to waive interest payments due to the Treasury for a three year period (1984-86) and hopes at the end of that time to privatise the Crown Agents under its new chairperson Peter Graham, senior deputy chairman of Standard Chartered Bank — aiming, incredibly enough, to keep the awesomely (and inappropriately) confidence-inspiring name.

The Deloitte Haskins & Sells report describes 'a number of problems' discovered by the auditors, particularly with computer programmes. One such Crown Agents programme doesn't distinguish between ordinary payments and advances. 'This has resulted,' says the report, 'in Crown Agents charging principals [clients] for inspection work where no such work has yet been undertaken.'



Peter Graham — there's another fine mess they've got me into.

Investigating invoices received by the Crown Agents, Deloitte found that 'a six month delay was not uncommon' and that such amounts had been outstanding for three years. An attempt to speed up the payment of bigger invoices by sending chasing memos to the departments concerned seemed to have no effect.

The catalogue of criticisms further includes:

- Lack of communication between departments, leading to 'erroneous completion of forecasts'.
- An accounting system for a new line of business begun in 1982 (the putting together of credit deals) so complicated that it confused staff and caused mistakes that were only corrected at 'a late stage'.
- The use of 1985 rates to compute overheads charges for 1984 new projects.
- The use of wrong exchange rates in 'several instances' and recording mistakes when keeping the books of the overseas bank accounts used by Crown Agents representatives.

Although there is no suggestion of impropriety, the implication of incompetence will be embarrassing for a body which is earmarked for privatisation and which has just been bailed out by the taxpayer (through the waiving of interest payments) to the tune of £7 million.

Crown Agents financial controller Alan Humphreys points out that the report is a draft, and that he would challenge Deloitte's view of certain areas before a final report went to the board at the end of the month or the end of September. He said he would be asking Deloitte to specify which bills hadn't been paid for three years and would be 'amazed if creditors were sitting quietly on invoices from that long ago'. He added that Deloitte clearly did not think any of the criticisms material enough to warrant qualifying the 1983 accounts, and that most of the sums of money involved were presumably small.

John Rentoul

No names — plenty of pack drill

THE CLERK OF THE COURT at Mansfield magistrates court in Nottinghamshire last week was refusing to give the names of the presiding beaks. Enquiries elicited: 'We don't give the names for obvious reasons which you must appreciate'.

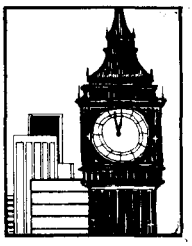
This occurred in Court 3 when 80 miners had crammed in (25 July) to watch bail conditions being re-imposed on 12 miners. The clerk's fear, apparently, was that named magistrates might become objects of intimidation. Miners were more darkly wondering if any might be company directors doing business with the NCB, coal merchants, or even NCB directors, speculation naturally abounding in the absence of hard information.

Some of the (mostly) London-based lawyers whom the NUM is now regularly forced to bring to Mansfield at considerable travel expense — the taxi fare from Nottingham to Mansfield and back is £20, there being no trains — are proving less sensitive than others to the depth of feeling which has brought everyone to court.

At the end of one of the recent evening court sessions — frequent now, to deal with fresh arrests — one defence lawyer apparently grabbed the prosecuting police officer to ask where the local constabulary drinks, with an inept view to watering there too.

John Rose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PADDY ASHDOWN MP

Time to come to terms with the bad dream

WHEN ARE politicians going to start telling the truth about unemployment?

Of course unemployment is higher, probably massively higher, than it ought to be because of the stupidities and blind dogma of this government. But that is not to say that any other party can 'solve' (i.e. abolish) the problem either quickly, or probably within our political lifetime. The plain and uncomfortable fact is that unemployment, as we now know it, is almost certainly endemic and structural for at least as far ahead as practical politicians are wise to look.

The coincidence of two factors ensures the likelihood of this prediction — automation and our declining share of world trade. Automation does not, of itself, produce unemployment. In conditions of expansion it can, on the contrary, provide more jobs — as the Luddites discovered in the last century and the South Koreans are discovering in this.

But our (Europe's) share of world trade is not expanding; it is contracting in the face of rising capacity from the developing nations. We cannot arrest this (many who, like myself, believe in a more equitable share of the world's wealth think that we should not try!) — indeed, the only way to combat lower unit costs and cheaper raw materials elsewhere, is to increase efficiency.

And yet we politicians still fall back on the old lie 'give us your vote and we'll give you back your job' at election time and in between. The Tories did it with their 'Labour isn't working' poster in 1979; Labour did it in 1983; and the Alliance isn't much better.

Every time we fail (and every government in recent times has failed dramatically), we reduce by a notch the standing of politicians and politics, we deepen the despair of the unemployed and we cut away a little of the trust people have in the effectiveness of the democratic system. Meanwhile, every government spends much of its energy devising more and more elegant schemes to cover up the problems (YTS, the Community Programme etc.), while every Opposition seeks more and more exquisite means of complaining about it. The real problem we ought to be debating is not 'how do we get rid of unemployment?', but rather 'how do we redesign society to cope with it?'

IN THE 'post-full employment society', we shall have to solve a number of problems, nearly all of them related to distribution in some form or another. Here are six of the most important ones.

1. **Wealth**. In the area of relatively full employment, wealth was spread (however inequitably) through wages. Now, more and more wealth producing power will concentrate in fewer and fewer hands. Those who own could be fabulously rich; those who work will probably get their share; but those who are 'out' are in the cold. We are in danger of creating two new classes, more dangerous and destructive than those we have at present — those who are in work and get all the benefits and those who are out and get none.

We cannot maintain our precarious democracy in a crowded and fractious island on such a system. The key problem for politicians to solve in the future is the problem of wealth distribution — which does not, incidentally, just mean distributing money. Wealth can also be distributed in the form of hospitals, schools and social services; and in the form of jobs which serve people, rather than the process of earning wealth. We all know what needs to be done. We shall have to tax more simply and more fairly; and we will probably have to shift the emphasis of taxation from personal taxes to those which bear more directly on the sources of wealth production.

2. **Work**. If work is a method of spreading wealth, then jobs must be distributed too. Hours of work have been diminishing since the Industrial Revolution. Both government and trades unions have a role to play in ensuring that this continues and is properly planned for. We shall also need to encourage new patterns of work. Already there are many (especially women), who do not earn their living from a single job, but have instead a portfolio of part-time jobs. There are others whose income comes from job 'mixes' — a little wealth production here, supplemented by a little 'public service' earning there. Our taxation and institutional systems will need to be changed in order to accommodate and stimulate such flexibility.

3. **Welfare**. The insurance-based welfare system can only survive if unemployment stays within 'tolerable' limits (1 million?). It is now only a matter of time before it collapses altogether (see the recent Institute of Fiscal Studies report). We shall eventually have to abandon the myth of the insurance principle. If we are to preserve the advantages of a civilised, humane society it will have to be done by a straight transfer of wealth from those who create it to those who do not. And even this will not work unless we can find mechanisms by which those who receive do so as of right and in dignity. The concept of the social wage may have an important part to play in this.

4. **Workers**. In the 'full employment society', there is an approximate equilibrium between the power of monopoly capital and that of monopoly labour. By and large, this worked reasonably beneficently, with labour having the power to force a distribution of wealth in wages, shorter hours or improved conditions, while capital got the conditions it needed to ensure adequate returns.

But the advent of mass unemployment has changed all that. The existence of a large and ready pool of unemployed has shifted power decisively in favour of capital and against labour. Those who work can no longer with confidence look to the unions to protect their rights — in all too many cases they cannot even protect jobs (hence, no doubt, the decline in union membership). If the rights of those who work are to be protected in the 'post-full employment society', it will have to be the government who do it — and that means more intervention, not less.

5. **Worth**. With jobs in short supply, we shall have to dispose of the notion that it is only through employment that worth is conferred on a member of society. In the 'full employment society', the dominance of the Protestant work ethic was essential to cohesion and prosperity. In present conditions it could be the cause of dissolution and unrest.

We shall have to distribute worth, too. Poverty and unemployment not only deprive people of material benefits, they also deprive them of the power of control over their own lives. A more participative society, a more devolved community-based system of government may be one way to confer worth on those who, in our present system, are mere chaff between the grindstones of The Great Mill.

6. **Wages**. Until now it has been relatively easy for politicians to hold society together on the promise of rising prosperity. We now face an infinitely more difficult task — maintaining a stable democracy in a period in which the overall wealth of Britain is likely, at best, to be relatively static and may even decline. If we are unable to fund real increases in pay packets, we shall have to shift attention from the size of overall income to the level of disposable income.

The real move towards conservation and the efficient use of resources (personal, industrial and State) may well turn out in the end to be driven, not by the concerns of the conservationists, but by a need to reduce overheads so as to provide more disposable wealth within the exigencies of a static budget (personal, industrial and State).

It is time politicians faced up to the real facts about unemployment, instead of pretending that it's all a bad dream that will soon go away. □

Peter Kellner is on holiday for three weeks. Paddy Ashdown is Liberal MP for Yeovil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ECONOMIC STRATEGY

Businessmen's Express

London's East Enders will soon know if a new airport is to be built among them. Bob Colenutt and Hilary Wainwright examine how, why and by whom the project has been pushed

IN THE industrial wastelands that make up much of Britain's inner-cities, at least one sort of government-sponsored enterprise is flourishing: the image booster. Rate and rent subsidies and urban development grants have failed to draw private investors to the inner cities. So another ingredient has been added in the form of ever more grandiose and spectacular enticements. We have seen Garden Festivals, Exhibition Centres — and now an inner-city airport.

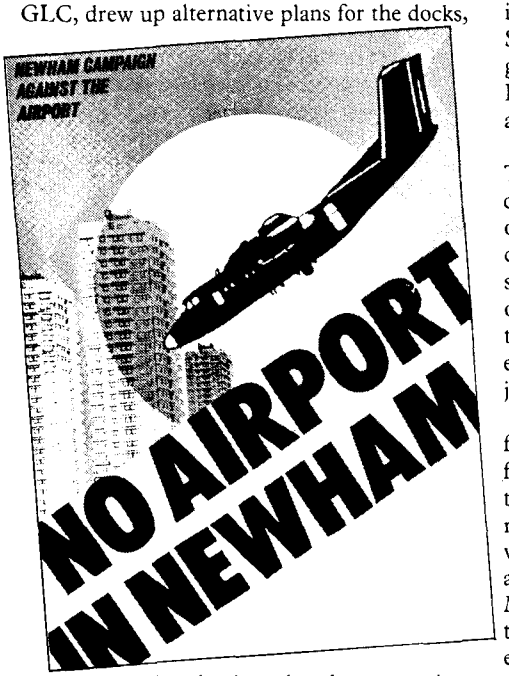
At the public inquiry last year into the STOLport (Short Take Off and Landing airport), a witness for the London Docklands Development Corporation put their purpose very clearly: 'This area has an entirely bad image. It is not recognised by the market.' The STOLport, went on Richard Byron Caws of Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, 'is just the high profile event which will draw public attention to this rather remote area of Docklands.'

London Docklands (remote from the West End rather than from the East Enders who live there) is the responsibility of the LDDC — a government appointed agency, accountable to the Department of Environment with considerable financial and planning powers. So strong is the LDDC's emphasis on image building as a way of creating a market that one cynic in the City commented: 'The STOLport has probably already served its purpose for the LDDC.' That is, before a decision has been made even to build an airport, all the promotion and debate about this new businessman's facility has itself helped to make the City aware of Docklands.

The STOLport is seen as a new service for the City, a nearby airport from where company executives can fly, in small 50-seater planes, to other business centres. Like many of these image-building projects, the initial idea came from a somewhat maverick entrepreneur — in this case, Bill Bryce, a motor racing driver who has since returned to New Zealand. Bryce owned Brymon Airways, the only British airline specialising in the Dash 7 aircraft, a plane with short take off and landing characterisitics and a relatively quiet engine.

From his motor racing days, Bryce knew Philip Beck, chairman of Mowlem, the construction company. Since 1920, Mowlem has been the main builders for the Port of London Authority (PLA) which owns the Royal Docks, the projected site for the STOLport. Because of the slump in the construction industry, Mowlem was looking for new business. Bill Bryce wanted new routes for his company. Mowlem wanted to build the airport (it was already part of the consortium for the Falklands airport) and was keen to see a revival of its activities in Docklands. Moreover, a new airport would create more construction contracts, for instance for the Docklands Light Railway to serve the STOLport.

Mowlem put the proposal to the LDDC, which was then staring glumly at the vast 1,000 acre Royal Docks, closed to cargo handling since 1981, not knowing what to do with them. It did, however, know what it did not want. Around 50 small companies mainly involved in transport, distribution and processing are still based in the docks and Newham Council and local community groups, supported by the GLC, drew up alternative plans for the docks,



based on developing local enterprise, employment and leisure facilities.

Instead, the LDDC accepted Bryce's STOLport scheme as a project exactly suited to its vision of Docklands. As someone it approached in one of the major airlines told us: 'The LDDC swallowed it hook, line and sinker.'

THERE WAS a near disastrous hitch when Brymon almost went into liquidation. Brymon was not only hoping to be the main airline using the STOLport. Charles Stuart, the company's new managing director, fresh from British Airways, told the House of Commons Select Committee on Transport: 'I think the circumstances of the operation are such that it is not ideal for competition'. Thus does private enterprise prefer a monopoly to free markets.

But the demand from the suppliers to create a market for their product would not permit lame ducks. De Havilland's, the state-owned Canadian manufacturer of the Dash 7, the proposed STOLport plane, stepped in and bought 75 per cent of Brymon's shares last year. De Havilland, which had already sold five of its planes to Brymon, is in severe economic difficulties because of declining markets for the Dash 7. It has a new STOL design, the Dash 8, coming onto the market this summer. Consquently, it has a strong motive to make sure that the markets are there.

People in the airline industry say it was the prospect of STOLport that tipped De Havilland in favour of taking over Brymon (though the Canadian company confirms that it intends to sell out as soon as it can). If the STOLport goes ahead, De Havilland could gain ten sales for the Dash 7, more sales of the Dash 8 and a European shop window for its aircraft.

THIS THEN is the line-up of those anxious to create an appetite for a new service. On the other side, however, there is a stong local campaign, an overwhelming vote against the scheme in Newham Council and the opposition of Greenwich Council and the GLC. They fear that the planes will be noisy and harm the environment and doubt that many new local jobs will be created.

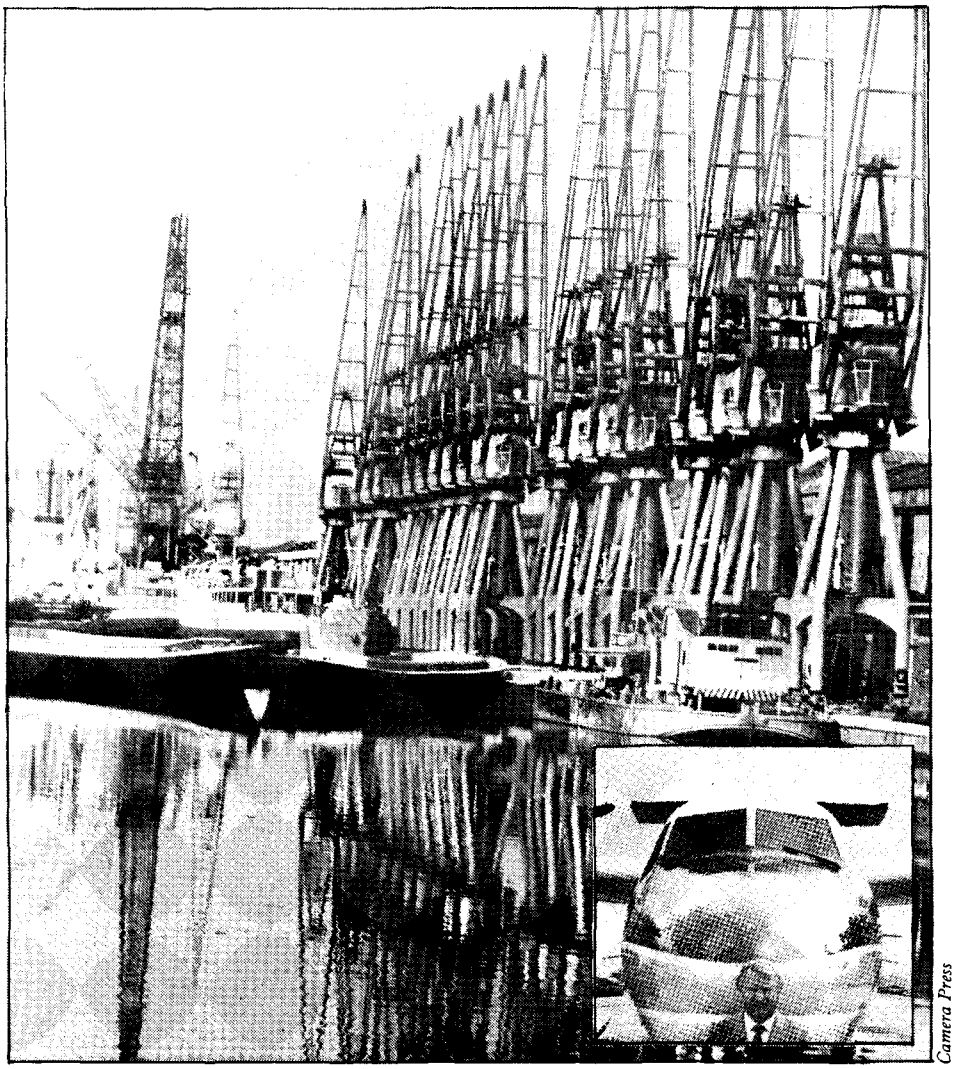
A public inquiry into the STOLport was held from May to October at which the objectors put forward their own alternative scheme including the 'People's Plan for the Royal Docks.' The report of the inquiry is expected in the next few weeks. But one immediate result was an agreement between Newham Council, Mowlem and the LDCC on the restrictions on the type of aircraft used, in order to limit environmental nuisance.

These restrictions — crucially, on runway length and noise — mean in effect that the only aircraft that can be used is the Dash 7. But this in turn raises the question of whether or not the STOLport can be economically viable — the one issue which the public inquiry did not examine. Mowlem had commissioned a financial feasibility study, carried out by accounts Peat, Marwick, Mitchell, but Mowlem would not reveal the results.

The profitability of the project will depend on government intervention and promotion. Without government intervention to reduce the impact of possible restrictions on the types of plane, government support on route licensing, especially in obtaining licences for the most sought-after routes, e.g. to Paris and Frankfurt, and government money via the LDDC for promotion and the purchase of land, the free market cannot, on its own, create a profitable STOLport. For there is no specific market clamour for an inner-city airport.

That clamour has yet to be created, and it is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Camera Press

Unused cranes in the King George V dock; the 'People's Plan' proposes developing this dock for short-haul sea container traffic. Inset: entrepreneur Bill Bryce in front of a Dash 7

the amount of work and money which government and the suppliers have to put in that leads us to see the government's claim to be carrying out a 'market-led' strategy as bogus. Yet this claim is not incidental; it is at the heart of the government's arguments about its strategy for economic recovery, and one which Nigel Broackes, ex-chairman of the LDDC, was active in putting forward. The LDDC, he said emphatically to an early launch meeting, would be following a 'demand-led' approach to its task.

IF THERE IS any demand for a City businessmen's airport, it is unlikely to be satisfied with the Dash 7 which, along with the smaller De Havilland Twin Otter, are the only planes that would satisfy the restrictions agreed at the inquiry. So far, the Dash 7 has served a useful purpose for Mowlem and the LDDC in making the airport environmentally acceptable. They flooded the Docklands with publicity showing what a quiet, unobtrusive neighbour it would be. But the propellor-driven Dash 7 is a very expensive aircraft both to buy and run. It is more than twice the price of the most popular commuter aircraft, the Short 360. Its seating capacity is only 50, which makes it uneconomic on most popular business routes. Its speeds are relatively low and it has the wrong image for the business market. It was designed for servicing small towns in remote regions.

Confined to this plane, the STOLport could not hope to get the volume of custom it needs. Energy that has gone into convincing local politicians that the airport will be a restrained affair, bound by planning agreements, will go into presenting quite a different image to the Euro-business community. Already Brymon is putting out extremely optimistic publicity about a 'Common Market airline' flying in and out with a common livery made up from those of different national airlines. One report (*The Times* 7 July) took the publicity literally and reported that such co-operation was already happening, implying that it would lead to STOLports all over Europe. The airlines concerned denied all knowledge of such a project.

Such hype on its own will not shift the businessmen from Heathrow and Gatwick. Mowlem realises this. It is not in any way bound to Brymon and has made no agreement to restrict the STOLport to Dash 7s. There are already signs that Mowlem intends to expand the range of the aircraft. First, it has said that it will allow Brymon to use the new Dash 8 — a faster, but noisier plane. It has also had discussions with the British Helicopter Advisory Board (BHAB) about using helicopters, which were explicitly ruled out at the inquiry on the grounds of noise. The BHAB understands that Mowlem would like to get planning permission for helicopters.

Most significantly, perhaps, Mowlem has agreed to discuss with Dan Air the possibilities of extending the runway by up to 1,000 ft to allow for the BA 146 — a 100 seater jet aircraft — to use the airport. If the BA 146, which is faster, and the Short 330 and 360, which are more economical, can use the airport, its finances would be transformed. British Caledonian and British Airways could then become involved as well, turning Docklands into a major part of London's airport system. As Donald Butler, a consultant for Mowlem put it, 'all options are open'.

IN THE STOLport case, the local authorities have little power to enforce any conditions. Their planning powers have been handed over to the LDDC, which is likely to be less rigorous. Mowlem has already objected to anything in the legal agreement on STOLport which would have given Newham Council a right of veto over the expansion of the airport. It will be up to the LDDC to decide on extensions to the runway for larger planes, or the use of helicopters. It will be up to the government to decide, if it wants the STOLport to succeed, whether or not to grant all the licences the airport will apply for,

It could then exert pressure on other West European governments to give concessions over traffic shares in exchange for British concessions over some other routes. Alternatively, it could get other UK airlines to move some of their routes to STOLport. Although, under relentless pressure from Lord King, chairman of BA, the government may have reneged on its intention to take away some of BA's routes, this may make it even more determined to introduce competition on lesser routes.

The STOLport story, then, is the story of a new kind of state intervention. It is intervention to promote grandiose image building projects which will, it is hoped, achieve radical market shifts in favour of investment in inner-city areas.

Yet, apart from the gap between the government's free market rhetoric and its practice, there are other risks for this state political investment. Businessmen may stubbornly prefer to travel to and from the suburbs where they live, and European businessmen prefer the 'infrastructure' of hotels and night-life developed along the Heathrow to the West End line. The result would then be blighted land in Docklands and lost alternative opportunities.

But the scheme might work as the LDDC would like. In that case, many local people will hate living with an airport over the garden wall and the better-off will leave the area, adding to the drain from London's East End.

There is no way of calling this kind of state intervention to account, any more than there is of controlling the 'free market'. As the government moves ahead with its plans to abolish regional planning authorities, the Docklands pattern of private corporations pushing their financial requirements, backed up by government clout, is likely to become the pattern of the day. Nigel Broackes summed it up when he described how he brought to the LDCC 'the basis of — not a mafia, there must be a nicer word for it — a network of friends, of connections which enable you to say: "Now come on boys, let's get this together".' □

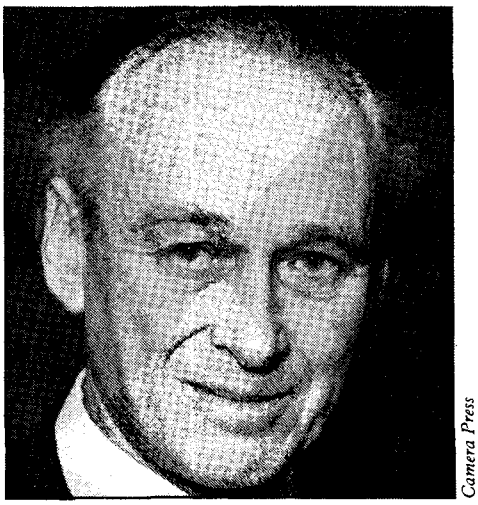
Hilary Wainwright works for the GLC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANSPORT

Let them drive cars

Once upon a time Britain had a bus service. But then came Nicholas Ridley. Mick Hamer reports



Camera Press

Nicholas Ridley: man runs over bus

THOSE who have feared the government's intentions on public transport have seen nothing yet. Both the cities and rural areas are set to suffer widespread cuts in bus services, and sharp fare increases. And Wales is to be the test bed for a new, tougher policy of closing rural railways.

The government signalled three major policy changes in July. As forecast in the *New Statesman* (20 April) the White Paper on buses proposes deregulating bus services. It also proposes splitting up the National Bus Company and selling off its parts.

Second, the government intends to remove bus subsidies from the transport supplementary grant system (as exclusively revealed in the *NS*, 29 July) and it issued a consultation document on this policy in July. Finally a consultation document on the future of public transport in Wales envisages replacing the bulk of the railway lines with bus services.

Coming on top of the abolition of the metropolitan counties, and ratecapping, the cumulative effect is that a public transport system is going to run with virtually no public money — and dire consequences for the service.

The key to the strategy behind the White Paper on buses is the future of the 42,000 vehicles that make up the local bus services. London Transport owns 6,000 of them, but it is specifically exempted from the changes in the White Paper — largely on the grounds that the government has already done enough to London — but also for the more subtle reason that the shortcomings of the policy would be painfully evident to Fleet Street.

A further 10,000 buses are owned by the passenger transport executives (PTEs) in the metropolitan counties. Municipal operators own 5,000, and the state-owned National Bus Company (NBC) and its Scottish counterpart own 18,000. The other 3,000 buses are already owned by private operators.

The White Paper forbids councils to subsidise either PTEs or municipal operators, grants the operators have used to hold down fares or extend services. Without subsidies, large numbers of surplus buses will be sold by the major operators, so depressing the price of secondhand buses. The government hopes that these will be snapped up by private operators. The reality is ripping off the public purse to finance private pickings.

The White Paper also plans to aid privatisation by breaking up the NBC into its 30-odd subsidiaries (such as East Kent and Midland Red) and selling these companies off. In addition councils will be encouraged to hand their municipal bus services to private owners and to break up the PTEs.

Behind this wholesale dismantling of the bus industry is the government fear that the publicly-owned companies would win any price war with private industry, just as NBC won the battle when express coaches were deregulated. (Ironically, the government case is based on the supposed inefficiency of the public sector).

The proposal to end the licensing of bus routes, which will be incorporated in the Transport Bill this autumn, is all the more amazing because of the failure of this policy in the experiment in Hereford.

Currently a new bus operator has to apply for a license to run a bus route. Major operators often object, successfully, to such applications because a new operator could undermine the profitability of that route, and have the knock-on effect of causing the withdrawal of unprofitable routes. The end of licensing would prevent this 'cross-subsidy'. Cross-subsidy is deceptively important: it can be several times the money paid by local councils to unprofitable services.

Buses have already been delicensed in three 'trial areas', under the 1980 Transport Act. Two of the trial areas, in Devon and Norfolk, were exclusively rural, and deregulation had no effect.

But the trial area covering the old county of Herefordshire included the town of Hereford. The end of cross-subsidy, as was expected, produced increased competition and fare cuts, of around a third, in the town. But in the country, fares went up by up to 150 per cent and some routes were withdrawn.

Although more buses are on the road in the town, drivers vie with each other to reach bus queues first — and the small town of Hereford suffers from bus bunching. Deregulation is certain to lead to an increase in accidents, not just because drivers race to the customers but also because of poor maintenance.

Hereford has three new bus operators. Every one of them has had its operations restricted because of poor maintenance. In the case of one operator, who was taken off the road completely, the traffic commissioners wrote: 'It is just as well that some of those who travelled in your vehicle did not know how much their health and safety were at risk.'

The White Paper takes a peculiarly blinkered view of Hereford: 'the number of bus services has increased . . . the abolition of licensing can provide real benefit in rural areas.'

THE CONSULTATION document on the transport supplementary grant, the transport equivalent of the rate support grant, limits the grant to road building — of which the main beneficiaries are private car drivers. Bus and rail subsidies will cease to get a separate, and protected, grant from central government. In addition there will also be less money for subsidies, because, historically, the transport grant has always been paid at a higher percentage than the rate support grant. This change will come into effect next year.

The abolition of the metropolitan counties will further increase the pressure on subsidies in the cities. Already the government has told London Transport to cut its subsidy from its current level of £190 million to £95 million within three years. The other metropolitan counties are likely to face similar cuts. The impact on fares and services will be enormous. South Yorkshire, for example, which has pegged its bus fares since 1974, will face fare hikes of at least 250 per cent, and service cuts.

In addition the bus White Paper allows specific services to be subsidised. No one at the Department of Transport seems to have much idea of how this would work. The problem is that many bus services could be more profitable, if the service is cut enough or fares set high enough. However, an infrequent expensive service attracts fewer and fewer users — until it is closed down.

THE WELSH consultation document raises the spectre of rural rail closures. It says this policy will apply to other parts of Britain — although no similar consultation document has been issued for England or Scotland. For Wales, it is proposed that county councils become responsible for local railway lines, such as the central Wales line, from Shrewsbury to Llanelli and the Cambrian Coast Line to Pwllheli. This would shift the burden of subsidy from the government to local ratepayers. This was a ploy unsuccessfully tried by the Department of Transport in 1976. As an alternative the government would pay for a substitute bus service.

Given the pressure on council spending and because the rail subsidy would not be eligible for transport supplementary grant, the councils would not be able to keep their railways going. Legislation enabling this change will again be part of the Transport Bill, this autumn.

Every dogma has its day. But at the end of it there will be remarkably little local public transport left. And what there is will be exorbitantly expensive. For transport secretary Nicholas Ridley's attitude is all too plain. Let them drive cars. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE UNIONS

In house disputes

Martin Brown explores how bad management and greater staff militancy are causing problems

THIS YEAR, for the first time, there has been a series of open disputes between unions and their own employees that is giving a new meaning to inter-union conflict. Five union head offices have been affected, some even picketed and closed. And the underlying tension between union staffs and their employers is not going to go away.

One union general secretary at least has recognised this and proposed that unions as employers develop a collective response. After the four week long pay strike in May at ASTMS, the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs, forced the union to postpone its conference, general secretary Clive Jenkins suggested a meeting of unions to disuss 'a common collective bargaining forum' for their staff. This unprecedented move was condemned by ASTMS staff and dubbed an employers' association, but Mr Jenkins claims to have had an 'excellent' response for other unions.

APEX, the Association of Professional, Executive, Clerical and Computer Staff, organises the majority of union staff and negotiates with over 60 different union employers. Their strike at BIFU, the Banking, Insurance and Finance Union, during February this year over redundancy was the first official dispute with another union for over seven years. As well as ASTMS and BIFU there have been disputes at NALGO (the National and Local Government Officers Association) over pay, the EIS (Educational Institute of Scotland) over pay, and the NUJ (National Union of Journalists) over new technology.

Relations between APEX and other unions have become strained as a result. Understandably, APEX general secretary Roy Grantham is eager to dispel any idea that anything unusual is happening or that there is any particular tension in union offices.

'Every one of these disputes has been a one-off thing in the sense that there has been a departure from the norm by the employers', he says. If there is a general pattern it is rising industrial militancy in the country as a whole. 'What we are seeing at trade union offices is no more than we are seeing outside. It is a reflection of the general economic position.'

Roy Grantham is not one of the general secretaries who welcomes Mr Jenkins' initiative (he calls Jenkins a 'law unto himself'), but he does concede that there are common factors at work in the disputes.

'Few unions have a personnel department. It is mainly a matter of the general secretaries doing it themselves away from their main job', he says. Of the five unions in dispute this year, only NALGO has a personnel department. This approach has been condemned as amateur. One APEX member at the NUJ told me: 'They do not know how to do things. If conference makes a decision they do not understand the implications of that for the union's staff'.

One of the problems is that executive committee members, who are responsible for running unions, are elected for their ability to negotiate on behalf of the members. Many are so embarrassed by their other role of employer that they prefer to simply ignore it. As a consequence they give far less attention to the welfare of their employees than does many a proper 'boss'.

On the part of the staff, however, there is an expectation that unions will behave better, and more understandingly, as employers. Yet employees at NALGO's London head office were shocked at their employers' tactics during their pay dispute in June this year. All concessionary leave for doctors' appointments was stopped and staff supporting the miners' day of action had their pay docked. The dispute, over a joint pay formula which the employers dropped, has left a residue of bitterness.

NALGO is not alone in being accused of behaving like the employers they usually oppose. An NUJ clerical worker told me: 'Trade unions do not practise what they preach. They have a paternalistic attitude to their staff — they tell us "we know best, leave it to us".'

When their paternalism is rejected, the union employers, as experienced negotiators, fall back on the familiar oppositional style of industrial relations. 'When you have bargainers on both sides of the table' said Roy Grantham, 'it is very difficult not to drive a hard bargain'. And he said of the NUJ: 'They always have the potential to have a dispute, they have not had a good bargaining relationship for years.'

At the NUJ Head Office, staff proposed last year that they should have an observer on the National Executive Committee to advise on the implications of decisions for the union's employees. The NEC rejected the idea. Their dispute over new technology this year has worsened the lack of trust.

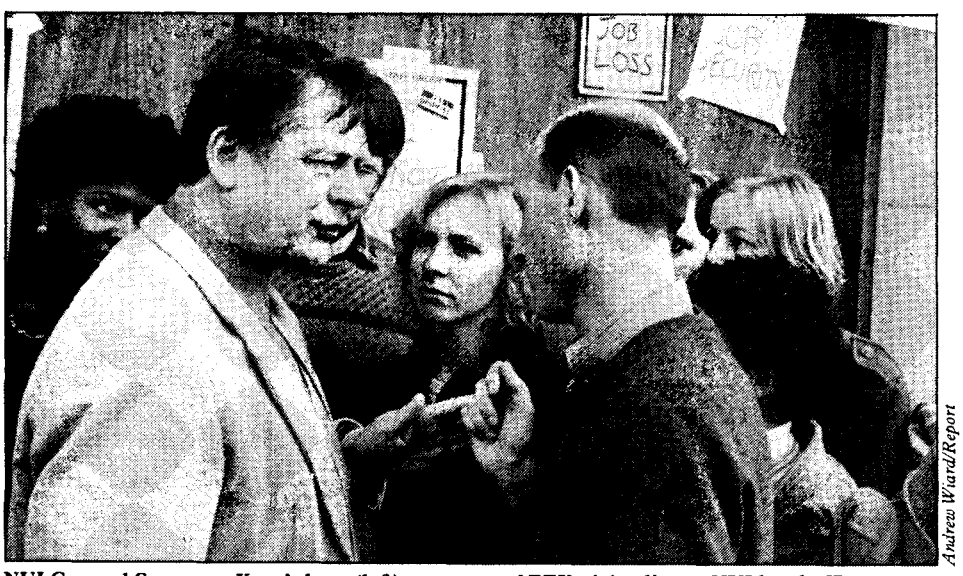
There is another fear among elected NEC members, sharper now that a higher degree of professional expertise is expected from the staff. And that is simply the fear that staff are taking too much control. Noel Howell, a senior officer at BIFU who has worked for the NUJ too says: 'In both the NUJ and BIFU disputes one of the questions was who runs the union. The NEC feel that the full-time officers have a lot of control because they run the negotiations'.

Executive members are elected by the union's members to run its affairs, but they also have their own jobs to do and at best can only put in one or two days a week at the union office. The appointed staff are always there and are closely involved with solving members' problems and often lead negotiations. (It's a problem also felt acutely in local government offices.) Some executives feel simply that the whole union machine they have created has a life of its own, beyond their control.

Where there is a clear, common sense of direction, that conflict can be quite creative. But five years of Tory rule, of union defeats, unemployment, anti-union laws and the exclusion of unions from 'corporate' power, has vitiated union energy. Few union leaders — lay or appointed — have a sense of doing more than keeping their heads down and looking to a change of government to change their role. Noel Howell of BIFU: 'There is a sense of frustration among some unions about losing to the employers. In the current industrial climate it is sometimes easier to tear each other apart than to attack the Tories'.

Things are still extremely sensitive in some union offices, even where disputes have been settled for months. A number of rank and file APEX members to whom I spoke requested that their names should not appear in print for fear of disciplinary action. On the other side many senior officers and NEC members were reluctant to talk and tried to play down the problems. At the Educational Institute of Scotland I was told that even the number of staff employed there was too controversial a piece of information for a member of staff to tell me, and no NEC members were available to comment.

It is hoped by all involved that this year's disputes do not indicate a deeper problem, but union executives cannot hide from the fact that their reputations as employers (never very good at the best of times) have taken severe public pounding. □



Andrew Ward/Report

NUJ General Secretary Ken Ashton (left) crosses an APEX picket line at NUJ head office during the new technology dispute in April

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLISHING

Dirty minds at work

After extensive, costly and unsuccessful trials of drug-related books, at last one pamphlet has been found 'obscene'. Scott Malcomson looks at the significance of this triumph for moral order

THE GOING DEFINITION of 'obscenity' can be a telling indicator of the political climate of the times. In the Britain of 1936, Radclyffe Hall's novel *The Well of Loneliness* was ruled obscene because it dealt with lesbianism. In 1974 the same novel was broadcast throughout the isles on the BBC's 'Book at Bedtime' programme.

Last Thursday, 26 July, a jury at the Old Bailey decided that two London booksellers, Beth Grossman and Don Skirving, were guilty of obscenity for offering for sale a pamphlet from America titled *Attention Coke Lovers*. The offending publication describes the excesses of a Hollywood movie crew under the influence of cocaine. The defendants, defence counsel and the judge have all described the pamphlet as 'silly'.

Judge Lewisohn, who also presided in the Knockabout Comics obscenity trial (where all defendants were acquitted) said during sentencing that he hoped the conviction would discourage other booksellers from marketing 'such books'.

The 1959 Obscene Publications Act, drafted to fight pornography and first used (unsuccessfully) against *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* has been deployed against non-pornographic publications before: in the 1971 *Oz* trial, and against the underground magazines *International Times* (1971) and *Nasty Tales* (1973). All of the publications were found not obscene.

However, with one exception (*Cain's Book*, found obscene in 1964), the Act had never been used against books having to do with drugs — this current drive began a few years ago. It included the raid, two years ago, on the home of Grossman and Skirving, where they ran Airlift Enterprises, and, with Brian Wade, ran Airlift Books.

The nationwide raids finally boiled down to two cases. The first was against Tony Bennett and his Knockabout Comics. There were 12 publications at issue; all were found not obscene. In the Grossman/Skirving/Wade trial, 12 publications were again at issue. Six were dropped because they had been dealt with in the Bennett trial; three more were dropped for the somewhat eccentric reason that the instructions they gave for drug manufacture were inaccurate, and therefore technically could not lead to the use of substances that might 'deprave or corrupt'; one was dropped at the request of prosecuting counsel Michael Worsley, who had also prosecuted Tony Bennett. That left *Marijuana Potency* and *Attention Coke Lovers*.

It may seem strange that, of 18 separate publications in the two trials, with titles such as *Pleasures of Cocaine* and *How to Identify and Grow Psilocybin Mushrooms*, it should be a trashy pamphlet like *Attention Coke Lovers* that would turn Beth Grossman and Don Skirving from modestly successful book distributors into 'criminals'. (A revealing peculiarity of obscenity law is that it is criminal, not civil.)

Attention Coke Lovers stood out because of its particular lack of redeeming qualities. There was no gloss of scientific value, or even competent writing. However, the jury had been instructed that it should consider first whether the drug featured in the book (in this case, cocaine) tended to deprave or corrupt. If they thought not, then they need not go on to consider the book itself. Yet the fact is that many earlier books concerning cocaine had been found not obscene. It may be that the badly-written story of a Hollywood movie crew's antics in *Attention Coke Lovers* itself offended the jury.

THERE WERE other reasons for the conviction of Grossman and Skirving: they were up against a jury that could not agree on whether the factual compendium *Marijuana Potency* was obscene or not. More importantly, this was the last case that the Director of Public Prosecutions had against a drug-related book. He had lost all the others. If he lost this one, an already questionable programme of raids and expensive trials would have looked like a complete fiasco.

'We're scapegoats,' said Brian Wade of Airlift Books, who was acquitted because only Airlift Enterprises distributed *Attention Coke Lovers*. 'They shouldn't really use the courts, to brand people criminals, as a way of deciding issues of policy, issues of national morality.' In the logic of a test trial, somebody has to take the fall for what someone else (the government, its Director of Public Prosecutions) sees as a rent in the moral fabric.

The government's enthusiasm for fighting 'obscenity' has spilled over into other areas. The last year has seen seizures of gay and lesbian books at Gay's the Word, Balham Food and Book Cooperative, Housman's, and, most recently, Zipper bookshops.

In fact, the raids even more than the trials act as a barometer of government censorship activities. This is because precedents are of little importance in obscenity trials, since each publication is supposedly considered on its own merits. In other words, just because a cocaine handbook was found not obscene last year, you could still be arrested, and possibly convicted, for selling a similar book this year. The police can simply raid when they like, seizing books on the chance they might be found obscene.

Like the police, the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions can keep on bringing books to trial as it pleases. The laws of probability, aided by a sensitivity to the political mood of the time, almost ensure that the government can eventually get a conviction. As Geoffrey Robertson, Brian Wade's defence counsel, commented: 'This case wouldn't have come to trial ten years ago.' □

POLICE

Handbag for a truncheon

In the police force, a 'cult of masculinity' rules and women are excluded. Moyra Doorly visited the Leeds police to find out the lot of women there

THEY DON'T carry truncheons but they do carry handbags ('What woman would be seen dead without one'?). And of course policemen's jackets have pockets at the front whereas policewomen's don't and you have to 'Look at the way women are built. Some of our girls wouldn't look very becoming if they were padded out even further at the front with pockets full of notebooks.'

The much repeated line on the role of policewomen in West Yorkshire came out as the following — a girl does what a bloke does and although we might hesitate to send her in alone to tackle a pub brawl, that's for reasons laid down by Mother Nature and no one else. A couple of remarks of the nudge nudge, wink wink variety don't necessarily mean that the line is nothing more than that, although they do show that even a Chief Superintendent can slip up over a glass of not quite perfect whiskey — 'It's a bit peaty is this.'

But whether this particular Chief Superintendent couldn't resist a joke or secretly doesn't take the role of policewomen seriously enough, he wasn't the only senior officer to be certain that the proportion of women in the police force shouldn't be allowed to rise significantly — 'They do a grand job but they do have certain limitations.'

At present that proportion stands at just under 10 per cent in West Yorkshire although taking into account the small number of women in senior positions, that figure represents around 17 per cent at uniformed constable level. The reasons for keeping it at this level sound like those given by the members of any predominantly male profession who might be opposed to having more women on the job. There could be 'deployment difficulties', i.e. women can't do the estimated 5 per cent of police work that requires brawn — an architect will say women can't handle the workers on a building site. And there's the standard claim that when a women leaves to have a baby she won't be seen again, thus wasting police time and taxpayers' money.

In its proportion of women police officers the Leeds police force is marginally above the national average of 9.2 per cent, but its approach and attitudes are not that different from those of the Met, examined by the Policy Studies Institute. In their report on the London force, the PSI concluded: 'We would say that women face substantial prejudice within the Force'. There is, they said, clear evidence that the Force discriminates against female

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

applicants — 7 per cent of women applicants were recommended for acceptance compared with 17 per cent of men. The PSI report judged that the police force was systematically breaking the law in its recruitment policy and that either the law should be changed or the recruitment policy should be. ('We are', said the Home Office firmly, 'whole-heartedly in support of the Sex Discrimination Act.')

Prejudice in recruitment, however, just reflected deep-seated prejudice in police practice. They found that the majority of men officers thought women should be put back in their own special units, and they regarded their own duties as far more demanding than women's (ostensibly the same) allocations. Yet while the majority of both men (just) and women (two thirds) officers thought the women faced greater difficulties, the largest proportion of men put this down to women's physical inferiority, while women attributed it to prejudice.

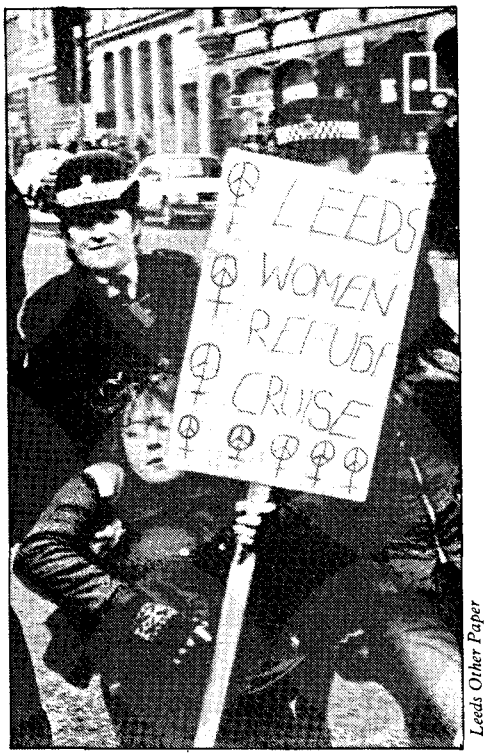
There is, judged the PSI, a damaging 'cult of masculinity' in the force, which is connected to the attitude towards women in their ranks.

But for even the most conventional male police officers there have to be some women police, to handle female prisoners if nothing else. That role and dealing with families and juveniles more or less comprised a policewoman's duties before the women's division was abolished in West Yorkshire. Since integration nationwide in 1975, a move opposed by many, women have been incorporated into the mainstream of police work, which theoretically puts them on the frontline with the boys in the task of catching lawbreakers and issuing parking tickets.

Judging by several worried expressions there's a definite feeling that with too many women in the ranks the police force would lose its credibility with the predominantly male bank robber or football hooligan in the war of machismo at least. If male pride weren't at stake, you might wonder what these Chief Superintendents were worrying about. There are women who have singlehandedly floored a massive drunk, and there's one who, I am told, inspires fear in every local gangster. Surely, you would think, all they have to do is give women truncheons and pockets and let them get on with it.

WPC HELEN Butterwick's eyes positively lit up at the prospect of catching someone big. 'Oh yes, the more serious the crime the more satisfaction you get.' At 23 she has been a probationary constable for a year, attached to Milgarth division which comprises Leeds City Centre. In that time she's been assaulted by a drunken woman — 'They can be worse than the men' — and commended by the magistrate for her handling of a case. On the beat WPC Butterwick's duties make her seem something like a cross between a traffic warden and a walking street directory.

'Most of the time I'm checking for out-of-date tax discs and bald tyres, issuing parking tickets, giving directions and looking out for stolen cars and wanted persons. Nothing much happens in the city centre during the day. I don't really get frightened walking alone at night. The uniform gives me confidence even in dark deserted streets. Sometimes I patrol in areas where a civilian woman wouldn't be advised to walk



Leeds Other Paper

All in a day's work for a woman

alone but somehow I don't feel vulnerable. Potentially violent situations don't worry me, it's part of the job. There's no point in trying to be more masculine, or aggressive with people. Often a woman's presence can calm down a situation anyway.'

That was a much repeated claim. 'Sometimes men see it as an affront to their masculinity if a woman arrives at the scene and that shuts them up,' said WPC Squares, who has been in uniform for seven years, the past year based at Holbeck, across the River Aire from Milgarth. Her duties in this predominantly working-class — 'Disadvantaged, we're supposed to call them' — area of grey council house estates, tower blocks, rotting factories and Elland Road football ground seem to be similar to those taken on by the typical nosy neighbour.

She is based at Holbeck's sparkling new police station — Leeds has some of the flashiest police stations going, complete with all the little details architects love, like clerestoreys, exposed, dark stained wooden beams and green radiators, and equipped almost as a home from home with bars, pool tables, canteens and police accommodation at one end with prisoners' cells at the other. WPC Butterwick spends a lot of her time patrolling by car. And if you've ever wondered, this is the kind of thing they do.

'I might check the garages behind these council houses to see if any strange cars have turned up, or watch to see who's bringing scrap metal into the Milgarth works. They might have stripped it off a roof. Then I check cars for recent accident damage, they might have been involved in a hit and run or been on a job and hit something during the getaway. If I'm called to a disturbance I might learn that this person who I arrested three years ago for burglary is out and lives next door with a known shoplifter, and I'll remember that. It can get scary at night, checking round the backs of places but I try not to think about it. You have to prove that you're capable of doing a man's job really. Anyone can write out an accident report but in the dicey situations you have to prove yourself up to it. At the same time you're struggling to hold on to your femininity. It's not very feminine to be spat and blinded at.'

INSPECTOR CAROL Prescot, 31, held a Marlboro Long in her well manicured fingers as the sergeant served tea. As an Inspector she is in control of a shift which means that she supervises the activities of four sergeants and 31 uniformed constables. Inspector Prescot joined the police as a graduate, got on to the accelerated promotion scheme and featured among the country's top 2000 in her sergeant's exam. Her decision to join came late, unlike the others who knew by the age of three where their career choices lay.

'I used to be a secretary but being in the police is such a varied and interesting job. I don't think about whether I'm a woman in a man's job. A policewoman has to be able to say: "You've committed an arrestable offence so you have to come with me and not go home to your wife and family". It depends on the individual woman how she reacts to situations. If she doesn't feel capable of saying that and enforcing it then she shouldn't be in the job. But the same applies to a man.'

According to Detective Constable Janis Hanning if a woman gets herself into a difficult situation with a violent offender she can always 'charm herself out of trouble. I've always said this and I've seen it work. It's a fact of life but women don't have the same strength as men so they have to use a different approach.' DC Hanning is currently investigating five thefts of handbags, 11 thefts of or from cars, a burglary, two cheque book frauds and reckons she has just about caught up with the man who left his job at the same time as a sum of money disappeared from the office petty cash box.

She's another one who decided to be a policewoman at the age of three. She has served for 19 years, six in uniform, and you wouldn't want to mess with her. 'I don't worry about confronting the people I have to arrest. When I go to pick someone up the only thing that worries me is that they won't be there, not that they might turn nasty.'

After all the talk of women's limitations in certain (admittedly few) areas of police work,

New
Statesman

Annual subscription rates*

*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £32; Overseas surface mail: £36 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £41; S. America, India, Africa £45; Australasia, Far East £49; USA, Canada £45 (US$79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$ .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the fact that they might have to rely on the use of their feminine charm to compensate for a lack of stature and authority, Chris Ryder, a woman who has been on the receiving end — three arrests for fraud — said: 'Policewomen can be a lot nastier than men. They're more moralising and tend to have a harder attitude, to compensate. I've never known a policewoman have a laugh. They're also much straighter than the men. When I was arrested the last time the detectives said "We're sick as dogs at not being on an earner" and it was because they had a woman working on the case. I'm all for having more women in the police, women should have a crack at everything. But I don't know if they have the credibility to deal with gangs.'

It's always at this point that arguments for having more women in uniform fall down. The police can't always pick and choose who goes out on a job — 'They come in so fast that whoever's there goes'. Demands for equality might logically lead to the conclusion that women should make up 50 per cent of the policeforce but perhaps they shouldn't, bearing in mind that this ratio isn't reflected among the subjects of police attention. But it depends on police priorities. For if we have to have a police force — and not even the most radical groups propose we should not — it might do something to change the public suspicion that corruption and rudeness are endemic if more of these officers were women. After all, police spend far more time dealing with recalcitrant youths and distressed victims than heroically foiling gangsters. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□The Isle of Wight Liberal Association had its AGM last week and cheered enthusiastically a speech on Freedom of Information by Mr D. Wilson. The meeting then went into secret session for a vote on next year's membership fees. — *Guardian* (R.L. Hunt)

□In his plan Mr Miller overlooks the fact that the Church of England is not a national asset in the normal sense because, as the Bride of Christ, it is the property of God and therefore not a 'nationalised industry'. — *Daily Telegraph* (P. Pollak)

□The DHSS said yesterday that it would reconsider its refusal to give a home-help grant to Mrs Eve Greenaway who will be 104 this weekend. She was declared 'too fit and healthy' to qualify for the £18.15 attendance allowance. — *The Times* (Pat Haynes)

MADAME BLAVATSKY

INCOMPARABLE GENIUS OR DESPICABLE FRAUD?

The only way to resolve this problem is to read *her* works for oneself, and not what others, unable or unwilling to study and comprehend her monumental works, have said and written. If you are interested in discovering a philosophy, worthy of the highest intellect, embracing all religion and philosophy, and much science, we suggest you write for a reading list to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

THE CITY

Mutual admirers

Charles Raw on the proposed reforms of building societies

A TAX EXPERT I know, exercised by what he believed was the low level of corporation tax paid by building societies on their surpluses or 'profits', recently had an exchange of correspondence with the Inland Revenue. He was told by the Revenue that building societies 'do not aim to make a profit', that 'any profits are largely fortuitous and are usually transferred to the Societies' reserves' and that the 'difference between their lending and borrowing rates is thus as little as is compatible with their operating expenses'.

This sounds to me an altogether too altruistic view of building societies. Of course, the theoretical position is that building societies, as co-operative or mutual institutions, are continually striving to minimise the gap between what they pay their depositors and what they charge their borrowers, since they have no equity shareholders wanting their cut. Banks, on the other hand, being proprietary institutions, owned by shareholders, need to maximise the difference between what they pay their depositors, if anything, and what they charge their borrowers, in order to improve profits and dividends.

Whatever one's view of the profit motive and accountability to shareholders, it does provide a convenient, simple yardstick by which to judge a corporation's plans for new enterprises. There is no such simple rule of thumb for 'mutuals'; and the government's Green Paper *on the future of building societies*, published last week and outlining plans to allow the societies to broaden their scope of activities, fails to give any deep analysis of why they should want to go in for such new activities as personal loans, insurance broking, estate agency, or even stock broking.

The building societies themselves take a defensive position, arguing that they believe that the only way that they will hang on to their customers in the face of increasing competition from banks and others, is to offer them extra services, i.e. it is all being done in the interests of the customers. But it will cost money and no doubt involve some further widening of the interest rate margin. Will it all be worth it? We learn, for example, from the Green Paper that one reason why building societies would like to act as 'paying and collecting agents' for other organisations is that 'it would enable them to make fuller use of their branch offices, which are in some cases under-utilised'. So were all those criticisms of unnecessary branches justified after all?

I am not opposed to the mutual structure. On the contrary, it has demonstrated that in some forms of financial activity the shareholder is otiose. I have never, for example, understood why anyone takes out a life assurance policy with a proprietary insurance company, when those unobtrusive mutuals can nearly always offer better terms, with no shareholders — and usually fewer salesmen — wanting their slice of the money. But the mutual structure does pose problems of accountability, largely because the members — to whom the management is theoritically accountable — are even more lethargic and uninterested than ordinary shareholders; in particular there are no equivalents of the institutional shareholders, who today watch the performance of company managements more closely.

This leads to a second, related weakness in the Green Paper: its proposals for supposedly improving accountability. They do not go far enough. In the first place it is proposed that members of building societies should actually receive less information automatically than they do now: they will only get a summary of the report and accounts and will have to ask if they want a full set.

Secondly, although the Green Paper proposes that members should get a statutory right to table ordinary resolutions at annual meetings, it suggests that it is 'reasonable' that they should be members for two years before having this right and then that they should have ten seconders, who have also been members for two years. Neither measure seems to me likely to do anything to increase the enthusiasm of members for challenging the activities of their managements on occasion, which is what is wanted. And, however beefed up, it is not a job I see the Registrar of Friendly Societies doing either.

Perhaps the customers of the building societies should be wary of the Treasury's willingness to fall in with the building societies' aims. The Treasury is now known to be in favour of the abolition of tax relief on mortgage interest payments. Only the outright opposition of the Prime Minister prevents it becoming a matter of public debate — and indeed, it is to be noted that the matter is not mentioned once in the Green Paper, the only tax referred to being that paid by the building societies themselves. Could there be an ulterior motive in the Treasury's proposals — namely to ease the path towards the eventual phasing out of mortgage tax relief?

Whether conscious policy or not, I think this will be the effect of the changes. As long as building societies are seen only as providers of funds for house purchase or improvement, then they are clearly identified with funds entitled to tax relief; but once they are into other financial markets, lines will become blurred.

Indeed, the Green Paper slyly suggests that they are already blurred. For example, it proposes that societies should be able to lend — unsecured — for furniture, fittings and repairs — none of which would qualify for tax relief under present rules. Yet the Green Paper remarks that societies 'may already in effect be providing' money for these purposes within loans granted on first mortgage. The implication is that societies are condoning a certain amount of illegal tax relief.

So depositors be warned: watch the managers closely. And borrowers be warned: this may make the eventual abolition of tax relief even more irresistible. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

I have failed. I decided to watch the entire opening of the Los Angeles Olympic Games but gave up, overwhelmed by boredom and nausea. Why did I embark on such folly in the first place? Because the BBC announced that two billion people would see the opening live. This struck me as improbable. Certainly, few readers of the *New Statesman* would be so foolish as to spend the early hours of a Sunday watching Reagan claim his and Hollywood's world hegemony. My duty was clear. It falls to this diary to report what you all missed. For hour after hour viewers suffered a tedious musical celebration of the USA — one purged of anti-war songs and of Indian resistance to the joyful westward expansion of the pioneers. The culmination was some thousands of girls lying on the turf kicking their legs in the air, as 'I want to live forever' boomed from the speakers. My American colleagues have a word for it, pronounced with a full rolling accent: really *gross*.

○

Exhausted, I was unable to take the slow procession of athletes that followed, despite my fascination for small countries. So I missed Reagan muffing his lines. But I observed the crowd's cold distaste for Bahrain — really a form of anti-semitism — and the patronizing cheer for the British team — that confirmed Christopher Hitchens's recent description on the Channel 4 *Opinions* slot that Britain is regarded as America's poodle. I was surprised by the huge team from the UK's colonial dictatorship of Hong Kong. At half-past two in the morning, as the Ivory Coast came in, I turned off. My greatest disappointment, that Burma — which now even boycotts the non-aligned conference — had not kept aloof. All the same, its team showed that at least the Burmese have not lost their sense of proportion. They have one competitor.

○

Coverage of the Olympic opening in *The Times* marked another step in that paper's decline from a journal of record to a propaganda sheet. The paper's front page headline told us that the display 'wins hearts in Los Angeles'. This is news? Its reporter David Miller eulogized the spectacle. It was 'never boastful', but it 'upstaged . . . Moscow'. There was 'zest for life and progress, which no smug European should scorn', he informed us, smugly. Such gush is hand-out journalism, amplifying nothing more than the breathless publicity of the organizers. Proof? Such on-the-spot reporting as:

> there came the moment which two and a half billion television viewers awaited: the lighting of the flame.

Note the extraordinary precision of that extra half billion; and his sure grasp that we were all still up there at the screens, just waiting for the fire.

○

Miller opened his slavish burbling with the claim that the United States carries 'much of the conscience of the modern world', only to continue that in Los Angeles it mounted a ceremony especially memorable 'for its sense of social justice'. Inside the same issue of *The Times* was a chilling account of the USA's conscience and social justice at work: John Carlin's report of life in Guatemala. He described the way the majority of the country's rural males, mostly Indian, have been forcibly recruited into the Army-run militia in 'a system of political control over the Indian population', i.e., three quarters of the people. Anyone who disobeys, even to work his fields, has his house and family annihilated. Carlin quoted a priest: 'The civil patrols were formed through terror, pure and simple', but he did so only after the words of a so-called foreign analyst:

> Army killings are perceived by the Indians as an act of God, as a natural disaster, like an earthquake.

This anonymous expert, doubtless the representative of a western democracy, should be commended for an original twist to the old tale that natives don't feel about death the way we do. No better antidote to the vile murderousness of such complacency can be found than the life of one Guatemalan woman — *I... Rigoberta Menchu*, recently published by Verso. Carlin himself writes like an honest man being strangled by Murdoch. Having described the mass exterminations and torture that passes for what Reagan calls the 'democratic process' in Guatemala, he concluded with the tame and tired formulation that its regime is 'increasingly totalitarian'. How much more totalitarian can you get? I was reminded of the report in the *New York Times* nearly four years ago, which came out after Reagan was elected, but before he took office. A senior Guatemalan official told Alan Riding why mass killings were being stepped up. He explained:

Robin Wheeler

> No one can be sure what politics Reagan will finally adopt towards the region. So the idea is to present him with a fait accompli. It also means that Reagan need not be associated with the bloodbath.

He need not have worried. Reagan is now pressing millions of dollars on the regime; and their team — an army one, naturally — paraded before him in the Olympic stadium at Los Angeles. One wonders what prevented the Khmer Rouge from attending.

○

Talking of press coverage, I was struck by the following passage in Nicholas Jones's discussion of the miners and the media in last week's *Listener*. Jones is BBC Radio's Labour Correspondent. Unfortunately, he is on holiday — and so was not able to flesh out with detail his calm description of Energy Minister Peter Walker's current massaging of the press:

> Mr Walker has worked hard with sympathetic Fleet Street editors and proprietors. The labour correspondents of the national dailies and Sundays have a long list of stories which were potentially damaging to the government which they claim have either been removed from the first editions or not published at all.

Just in case you hadn't guessed.

○

Having often fumbled with the grotesquely designed British electrical plug, I was amused to learn that it is 'unsafe' and will be changed. It is certain to become even more outlandishly expensive and probably more complicated. An official claims that one person died because of the current design. Such concern is especially touching when it coincides with the attempt to whitewash the Sellafield nuclear processing plant. Money, not safety, is speaking. While industry hates regulation that adds to costs, it loves that which allows it to hike up prices in the shops by banning cheap and simple products.

Islander

ROGER WODDIS

Contempt

'It has not yet penetrated the minds of this government or the judiciary that you cannot sequestrate an idea or imprison a belief.' — Arthur Scargill

The law of the land, which we all revere
Because it is even-handed,
Has once again made abundantly clear,
In spite of the dreadful things you hear,
That the working class has nothing to fear
From finding itself disbanded.
But if the law they try to flout,
Their funds we'll have to sever,
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt —
No probable, possible shadow of doubt —
No possible doubt whatever.

However heavy the fines appear,
Or are hatefully regarded,
Our rulers are bound to be severe,
For the valuable things they hold most dear —
The right to sack and the right to smear —
Are not to be discarded.
But though the miners lose this bout,
They'll go on boxing clever,
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt —
No probable, possible shadow of doubt —
No possible doubt whatever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tentative dialogue in Perugia

The Third European Nuclear Disarmament convention took place in Perugia, Italy, from 17 to 21 July. Over 1,000 delegates took part, mostly from East and West Europe, but with large groups also from Latin America, the Pacific basin and the USA. Lynne Jones was there and sends this personal report

IT IS FRIDAY afternoon and I feel slightly bewildered. On Wednesday we should have discussed 'post-deployment strategy; on Thursday looked at the Mediterranean; and today is set aside for Dialogue. I have to choose with whom to have it.

I have already abandoned the women's non-violence workshop as it entails a 20 minute walk to the edge of town. And, in spite of the guilt induced by a Brazilian press release, saying that we are not paying enough attention to North-South problems, I decide to opt with some three hundred others for the hot, tense, somewhat gladiatorial atmosphere of the East-West Dialogue. Here Andre Melville, one of the official Soviet delegation, is telling Mary Kaldor, of Sussex University, that she is 'totally erroneous' in wanting to talk about 'differences'.

'If you call this a dialogue, what is a confrontation? We should talk about what unites us, in order to have a dialogue of East and West against nuclear war. We have to accept each other as we are. We should be working on a common mutual agenda, such as our initiatives for nuclear free zones, the freeze, the prevention of nuclear accidents.'

Mary Kaldor disagreed, arguing that stifling differences prevented movement forward. 'A dialogue is where we can discuss our differences, one of the prerequisites for it is self-criticism. How can we accept you as you are, when the USSR is deploying SS22s and SS23s. We don't expect you to accept us as we are. We accept that we are part of the problem and struggle to change ourselves. Yet I've never heard anyone from the official Eastern peace movement accept any responsibility for this situation.'

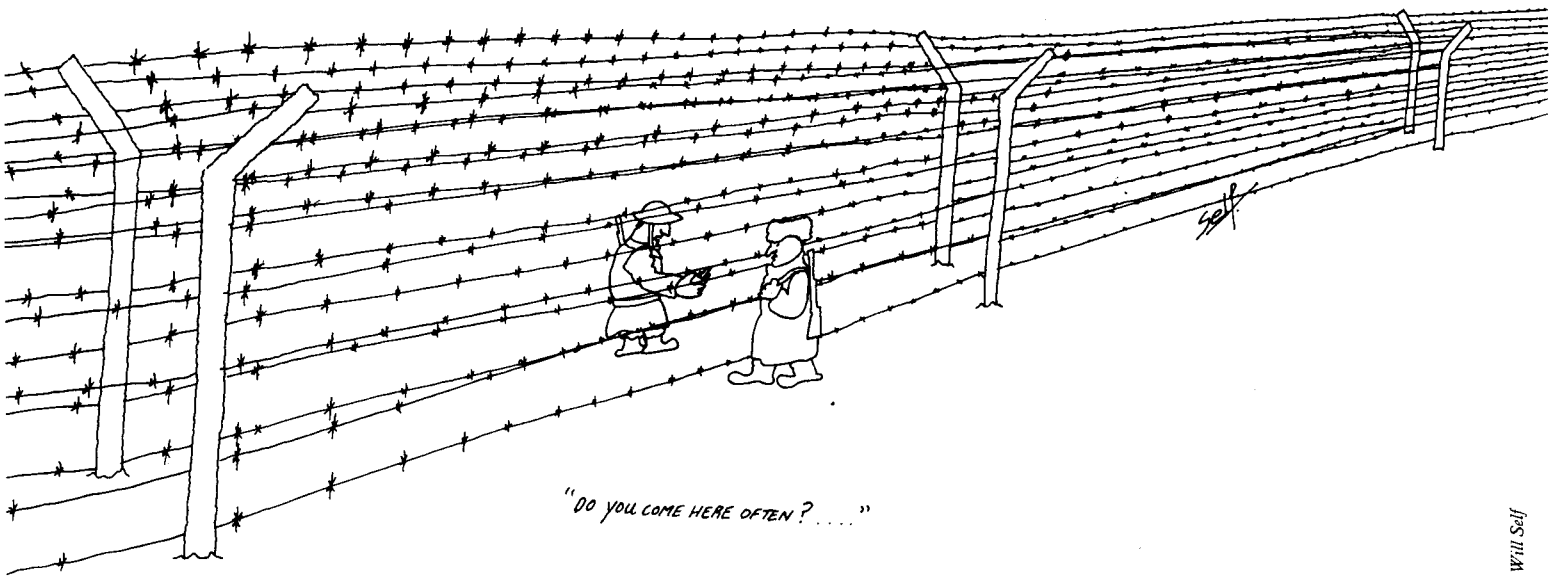
This question of what is a dialogue, with whom and how to have it, dominated the third European Nuclear Disarmament convention in Perugia. Quite literally during the opening plenary — when some 70 gagged peace activists holding flowers and banners briefly took over the stage in protest at the absence of 59 invited independent peace delegates from Eastern Europe, Palestine and Turkey. The Liaison Committee, an unstructured group with responsibility for organising the Convention, had for the first time invited both official delegations and independent activists from the Eastern bloc. But it then went and dissociated itself from the action as not being 'in the interests of dialogue'.

Mient Jan Faber of the Dutch Inter-Church Peace Council (IKV) took the view that this action preempted the possibility of the Committee making its own protest at the absence of the 59 and cast it in a pro-Soviet light. The protestors stressed that their action was not directed against the official delegations, which they welcomed, but at the absence of the others. The official Soviet Peace Committee immediately issued a press release protesting at 'the Cold War style and primitive anti-communism, hostile to the delegations of the public organisations of the Soviet countries'.

Some of those invited from the Eastern bloc had actually decided not to attend because of the presence of the official delegations. Janusz Onyszkiewicz, Warsaw spokesman for Solidarity, wrote to the Convention asking if a 'movement which has non-autonomous parts can be regarded as autonomous itself?' For him an additional moral problem was posed by having to sit with the president of the official Polish Peace committee, who as premier in 1956 had been responsible for crushing the workers' demonstration in Poznan with tanks, killing 70 people. So, reversing its decision of last year, Solidarity in exile decided not to attend. Jan Kavan of the Palach Press, however, felt that the presence of the 'officials' provided an opportunity to confront them with the questions that independent activists would have asked had they been there.

In many of the workshops I attended that confrontation appeared to be taking place — less in the form of question and answer than in statement countered by statement. The views that peace and human rights are inseparable; that militarism of any kind could never be justified, being countered by insistence that domestic issues were not relevant; that SS22s and 23s were a sad necessity for 'security' and 'balance', that autonomy was not as important as effectiveness, and that most independent peace activists were hooligans, looking for a means of leaving the country.

'People are expressing opinions not settling disputes,' said Galina Sidorova of the *Soviet New Times*. Others like Jim Forest of the long-established pacifist International Fellowship of Reconciliation found the whole process disturbing: 'We're getting very dogmatic and self-righteous. It's not a question of ignoring the human rights issue, but making sure our



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approach doesn't inflame the Cold War'.

'We haven't even worked out how to communicate,' Chiara Ingrao from Rome pointed out. 'Stating the principle of nonalignment is not enough.' She thought that feminism, with its analysis of the impact of militarism on women's daily lives, had a specific contribution to make towards broadening the consensus between blocs.

The one workshop that I attended, where an actual exchange of views took place, was a small women's East-West group. 'It's the first time an official Soviet delegate has actually told me what she felt rather than saying it is not her problem,' said Andrea Kreibnitz, an exiled peace activist from East Germany.

THE STRUCTURE of the conference, a vast improvement on the second END convention in Berlin in May 1983 in terms of the amount of space for self-organised groups and press conferences, still produced much frustration. Christine Conochie from CND found it 'alienating, male dominated, badly facilitated and extremely boring'. Though she had made new contacts, it had been in spite of the conference and not because of it.

Personally, through the welter of papers and petitions, I was able to grasp some new ideas. Such as Mary Kaldor's thesis that the peace movement's focus on 'no first use' of nuclear weapons and the dangers of nuclear conflict had been counter-productive, providing a justification for deterrence on the one hand and Soviet counter-deployment of missiles on the other.

She argued that we have to face up to the implications of militarism as a whole, including conventional weaponry, and understand that its basis lies not in an ideological confrontation between blocs, but as a mechanism on both sides for holding together spheres of influence. Therefore our emphasis should be on exposing this role by demanding an end to occupation of 'allied' states by the superpowers. This would not mean an end to anti-missile campaigns, but more stress on their significance as mechanisms of social control.

It is quite clear, as Leo Martes — a peace researcher from Yugoslavia — pointed out, that the light hearted optimism of the West European peace movement two years ago has disappeared. It has been replaced by something more serious, more professional, more politically complex. It has in the past been possible to make a distinction between those groups which align themselves with the official Eastern bloc position that the main dynamic of the arms race is US imperialism and those which, while involved in unilateral campaigns, regard themselves as nonaligned, seeing bloc confrontation itself as the main problem.

What the convention seems to have highlighted is not only the fragility of the minimum consensus between these groups, but also the differences between those who call themselves nonaligned. Simply put, there seem to be those who hope that a diplomatic approach to the Eastern official peace groups will improve the situation of the 'independents'. And there are those who reject such 'peace diplomacy', seeing it as perhaps appropriate at Geneva negotiations but not for peace activists. Their approach is uncompromisingly to stress the importance of grassroots contacts and initiatives, such as making personal peace treaties between individuals in East and West.

The differences also appear to reflect quite different political styles. Those accustomed to working in political parties, such as the German SPD group, favour the institutional approach, while less structured groups, such as the Greens and various women's groups, gravitate to the latter.

The letters and documents sent from independent peace groups in the East and three discussion documents circulated during the conference — one produced jointly by KOS in Warsaw, LegaAmbiente in Italy, and Codene in France, the other two by British END and Ost West Dialog in West Berlin — prove that new ideas are in the air. While differing in detail, all stress the need for detente from below, through grassroots initiatives, free communication between East and West and step-by-step process of demilitarisation on both sides.

The question, of course, remains whether such a coalition will result in a split in the nonaligned movement here and within the independent movement there. At this stage it is impossible to say. 'Dialogue', Mient Jan Faber stated in the final plenary, 'is a deep mutual questioning'.

UNITED STATES

Racism rides again

Vron Ware reports on a long running legal battle in the Deep South

ON 3 NOVEMBER 1979 five members of the Communist Workers Party were killed and seven wounded when a group of 40 Ku Klux Klan and American Nazi Party members fired at an anti-Klan rally organised by the CWP at Greensboro, North Carolina. Despite evidence on film that shows the racists methodically removing guns from their cars and shooting at the demonstration, a state trial in 1980 and a Federal trial, which ended in April, resulted in acquittals. Both trials involved the familiar catalogue of all-white juries, unenthusiastic prosecution and allegations of gevernment cover-up.

After the second acquittal was announced on 16 April, Dale Sampson, widow of one of the murdered anti-racists, said: 'this is a real go-ahead for the Klan and Nazis to kill people.' But while racists celebrated what Nazi leader Harold Covington called 'a victory for White America', the Greensboro Civil Rights Fund has been preparing for the next, and possibly most significant court case. Relatives and survivors have filed a $48 million civil suit, due to be heard this week. They claim that Federal, state and local officials conspired with Klansmen and nazis in planning and carrying out the attack.

The involvement of government undercover agents in the case came to light during the first trial, in which six men faced charges of murder and rioting. It was revealed that Bernard Butkovich had infiltrated the Klan while working for the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. He was alleged to have had advance knowledge of the Greensboro attack and done nothing about it.

A police agent, Edward Dawson, was also said to have been involved in the conspiracy. He was sitting in the leading car when the convoy drove up to the rally. The first shot, said to have been the signal to open fire, was reported to have come from this car.

Lewis Pitts, a lawyer for the Greensboro Fund, believes that the government is actively concerned to conceal the involvement of police and Federal agents. He argues that the April acquittals, which saw nine men cleared of civil rights violations, were a direct consequence of the way the charges were drawn up. At the trial the prosecution was put in the position of having to prove that the defendants were motivated 'only' by racial hatred. The defence claimed that the men had gone to the rally in a spirit of patriotism and hostility to communism. With an all-white jury (selected from an area with a 25 per cent black population) the defendants were able to evade charges of racism by appealing to anti-communism. Pitts said: 'We're not saying that racism was not part of their motivation, but when you create a false distinction between

Camera Press

Cross burning is still the KKK's potent symbolism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

racism and politics, you allow this to happen.'

The involvement of government informers in Klan-organised violence against black people and civil rights campaigners has its own history. The most notorious case came to light in 1980, when a report leaked to the *New York Times* revealed that, originally on the order of J. Edgar Hoover himself, the FBI blocked an investigation into a 1963 church bombing in Alabama for 14 years in order to protect trusted agents. The report gave details of what many had suspected all along, that the FBI systematically covered up attacks on blacks in which their paid informers had played an active part.

One agent, Gary Rowe, was paid over $22,000 for his services. A fellow Klan member, Robert Chambliss, said of him: 'You can trust Rowe to kill a nigger and never talk.' Rowe remained on the FBI payroll for four years after leading an attack on civil rights campaigners. He is now living in Georgia and fighting attempts to extradite him to Alabama, where he faces charges relating to the murder of Viola Liuzzo, a civil rights worker shot by Klansmen in 1965. Chambliss was the only man to be convicted of the Alabama church bombing, which resulted in the death of four black girls. Four other Klansmen whose identities were known to the FBI never faced trial and the case is now considered closed.

THE DEFENDANTS so far acquitted in the Greensboro case were all leading officers in their respective organisations at the time of the shooting. The attack was planned by the United Racist Front, a nazi-Klan alliance linking the National Socialist Party of America with two local Klan factions and other racist organisations. Virgil L. Griffin, acquitted in the Federal trial, was a Klan leader as well as the head of the Front. Roland Wood, cleared in both trials, was local leader of the NSPA.

In August 1979 black and civil rights activists formed the Anti-Klan Network in response to an upsurge in Klan violence in northern Alabama and northern Mississippi. Last year the Atlanta-based Network announced a national campaign to press for swift federal prosecution of members of the Klan and other far right groups who commit acts of racial violence. Lyn Wells, Network co-ordinator, claims that this campaign was partly responsible for the recent Federal prosecution in Greensboro. She said that they had received details of about 200 known Klan attacks in the last year and many more documented incidents where the perpetrators were not identified.

The length of time it can take to get a prosecution after a racist attack is shown by the case of J. B. Stoner, leader of the far right National States Rights Party. In 1983 he began a minimum ten-year jail sentence for his part in bombing the Rev Fred Shuttleworth's church in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1958.

Black people are still waiting to see justice in Chattanooga, Tennessee. In 1980 five women were shot and wounded by three Klansmen who drove into a black district after a Klan rally and cross-burning. The three faced charges of assault with intent to commit murder: two were acquitted by an all-white jury, and one found guilty just of assault. He served only three months of his nine-month sentence before being released. □

PLO

Arafat in control

John Turkie looks forward to the next planned meeting of the Palestinian National Council

A YEAR AGO it seemed that Yasser Arafat's position as supremo of the Palestinian Liberation Organisation was in serious jeopardy. Now, if the Palestinian National Council (PNC) — the Palestinian parliament in exile — meets as planned later this summer, it will almost certainly reaffirm its support for Arafat and his policies.

By the spring of last year — eight months after the PLO evacuation of Beirut — the demands of the Fateh anti-Arafat rebels were attracting much Palestinian support. (Fateh is by far the largest and most important PLO component.) However, by the beginning of this year, having provoked the inter-Palestinian hostilities, Arafat had managed to secure the evacuation of his troops from Lebanon itself — the very thing the rebels were categorically against.

The evacuation of Arafat's 'loyalist' troops from Lebanon was a necessary step, if Arafat was to accommodate the US-inspired 'Jordanian option' as a solution to the problem of the West Bank, This line of strategy goes back at least a decade — to the 1974 PNC meeting — when the PLO adjusted to the realities of the post-October 1973 situation. The new strategy entailed a shift away from direct confrontation with Israel to a policy of diplomacy with those Arab regimes presumed capable of applying pressures for at least a partial Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza.

From the first few days of the Israeli siege of Beirut — in June 1982 — the Arafat leadership began negotiating with US representative Philip Habib on the conditions for a PLO evacuation of Beirut. What Arafat almost certainly wanted was to trade the PLO evacuation for a US-recognised role in the 'settlement' of the Palestinian question. Hence Arafat's announcement to the world on leaving Tripoli in northern Lebanon in December 1983 (where his loyalist forces were besieged): 'We are only leaving Lebanon for Palestine'.

It was no coincidence that President Reagan announced his latest Middle East plan — the core of which was recognition of the state of Israel — on 1 September 1982, the last day of the PLO evacuation of Beirut. Within days, King Hussein of Jordan began the process of negotiating the institutional link between Jordan and a future Palestinian 'entity' on the West Bank and in Gaza, as proposed in the Reagan plan.

By April of last year Arafat was about to announce an agreement with King Hussein. The opposition within the PLO made him pull back, though not for long. After his expulsion from Damascus in June, Arafat took the clever line of suggesting that the split in Fateh was the result of Syrian manipulation. In fact, President Assad of Syria was being conciliatory toward Arafat (not wishing to find his country facing Israel alone as the result of some Reagan-inspired Camp David Mark II agreement, including Israel, Jordan and the PLO).

ALL THE EVIDENCE supports the

Judah Passow/Network

Arafat's army: PLO soldiers from the Lebanon pass through Cyprus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conclusion that hostilities within Fateh were provoked by Arafat himself. A few days after the interruption in his talks with Hussein, Arafat proceeded to name loyalist commanders, known for having deserted the fight in June 1982, to command Fateh forces in Lebanon (Tripoli and the North to Haj Ismail, and south of the Beka'a to Abu Hajem). Moreover they were to replace dissident leaders, who were to go into exile in Tunisia.

Arafat must have known how provocative a move this was. Further, Arafat rejected all offers of mediation between the two factions. (For example, a mediating commission set up by the PLO executive committee in Tunis last summer ended its work with a communiqué in October, which said that its proposals had been accepted by the dissidents, but rejected by Arafat.)

The dissidents' political response to Arafat's moves was a set of demands: a congress of Fateh to define the future line of the organisation; a demand that an accounting for Fateh's finances be made available to all members of the leadership; a breaking of negotiations with King Hussein; the stepping up of the armed struggle against Israel.

It would have been dangerous for Arafat to take on these demands of the dissidents at a congress of Fateh. The demand for financial accountability, in particular, has strong support from many fedayeen and frontline Palestinians. An alternative was open conflict with the dissidents.

This strategy had other advantages. To fit in with the Reagan plan it was necessary for Arafat to sever his connections with the Palestinian radicals and the Syrian/Libyan axis. Any rapprochement with Egypt and attempt at a consensus with Jordan required this change of direction. By provoking the fight, Arafat achieved two things: he cut his ties with a regime opposed to his Jordanian option (Syria) and at the same time disguised the nature of his conflict with the rebels from the mass of Palestinians, especially those on the West Bank.

Arafat had long since accepted evacuation from Lebanon in principle — and had even discussed the forms with the Gemayel regime in Beirut (in May 1983, the rebels exposed these dealings). Arafat, undoubtedly more astute than any of his opponents, got what he was really after — a political rather than a military victory over his opponents.

IF ARAFAT has managed in the last year to maintain his position and to keep the PLO on course for the 'Jordanian option', it is due in part to the political failings of his adversaries. The dissident bloc began to take form in May 1983. It is a heterogeneous combination of more or less radical opposition to the Arafat line. It runs from a far left, which claims to be marxist (represented by Abu Khaled), to rightists, who for reasons of their own oppose Arafat. Somewhere in the middle are the left nationalists, represented by Abu Musa, and a pro-Soviet element represented by Abu Saleh.

Its main political line — the 'rejectionist' line — emerged as a partial and negative reaction to the evolution of the PLO after 1974, elevating a means (armed struggle) into an end in itself. Over the years the dissidents have developed no more coherent strategy.

In general, the Syrian regime of Hafez Assad is not liked by Palestinians. Abu Musa and other rebel leaders fought uncompromisingly against the Syrians during the Lebanese civil war. The rebels could have only gained by remaining politically independent of Syria. At the very least, they should have refused to engage in any battle in which Syrian-manipulated troops were involved.

On the basis of that deal Arafat managed to evacuate his troops from Lebanon. Now the next PNC will, almost inevitably, result in an ambiguous reaffirmation of Arafat's policies. There will be little or no debate on Arafat's evacuation plan; and no proper appraisal of the political defeat suffered by the PLO in Lebanon. It will contribute little to a solution of the profound Palestinian crisis. □

SOUTH AFRICA

Pre-election tensions

Howard Barrell reports on the latest wave of black resistance to the new constitution

Johannesburg

THE YOUNG black student leader, identified only as Tom in what will probably prove a vain attempt to safeguard his security, managed about ten words before breaking down.

He sank back in his chair alongside Bishop Desmond Tutu of the South African Council of Churches and leaders of the United Democratic Front (UDF) black alliance, held his head in his hands and sobbed. He had been sent to Johannesburg by his people from the small country town of Parys in the Orange Free State to tell a solidarity meeting about the clash between police and the black people of Tumahole, the segregated African township on its outskirts.

The violence at Parys has been the most singular outbreak in recent weeks as South Africa prepares for the first elections on 22 and 28 August for the Coloured (mixed race) and Indian chambers in the segregated tri-cameral Parliament under Prime Minister P.W. Botha's new constitution. Due to be opened in September, it will continue the total exclusion from political power of the country's vast black African majority.

South Africa's 500,000 black miners are currently very restive over their wages and look set for their first legal national strike — which could well coincide with the climax of black political anger over the new constitution. Past miner's strikes have prompted severe represssion by the government and from members of the Chamber of Mines.

There has been growing violence at public meetings between these Coloureds and Indians participating in the ethnic elections and supporters of the outlawed African National Congress (ANC), the UDF, and other black political and trade union groups, urging a boycott of what they term this entrenchment of apartheid. The houses of several Coloured and Indian candidates have been bombed, and police protection is now being laid on.

Police are refusing to publish the names of about 40 recently arrested political detainees, claiming they have informed their families and that this is the extent of their obligation to the public. The detainees are rumoured to have links with the ANC and have fled the clutches of the pro-Pretoria authorities in Swaziland, preferring to 'die at home rather than on foreign soil'.

One of the detainees, Justice Ngidi, is supposed recently to have overpowered two policemen who were transferring him from one police station to another, to have given them both a severe beating, thrown them out of their police car and driven off into the sunset — never to be seen again. Given that political detainees are normally transferred in leg-irons and handcuffs, there is deep concern over his actual fate.

With an average income of about R100 (£50) a month, the people of Tumahole could not afford a 40 per cent increase in their rents, which was imposed on them this summer. They said so in a placard demonstration two weeks ago (15 July). Police arrived. Teargas was fired. Stones were thrown. Barricades went up in the streets and scores were arrested.

So far, one person, 26-year-old Johannes Ngalo, has died as a result in police custody in Parys — the 57th known recent death in police custody. The police have been having difficulty with their story of how Ngalo is supposed to have met his death. Thus far, they have come out with three different versions.

The first police story was that Ngalo had been arrested for 'drunkenness' in the 'white' area of Parys on the day of the violence and died mysteriously in the cells during the night. But UDF national publicity secretary 'Terror' (so nicknamed for his skills as a soccer striker, not his politics) Lekota had been detained briefly at the same police station at the same time as Ngalo. He had seen a bloodied and all-too sober man answering Ngalo's description being beaten up by police. And Lekota said so publicly.

So the public was given a second version of events. No, police told journalists a few days later, Ngalo had been arrested following an attempted robbery, during which he had been beaten up.

Then came a third explanation. No, said police, Ngalo had had a row with his lodger, during which he had sustained wounds which were to prove fatal some 24 hours later. But in the interim, he had managed to get drunk, rob a cafe in the white area of Parys, survive his arrest and booking, only to die later in the police cells. His hapless lodger is now facing a murder charge.

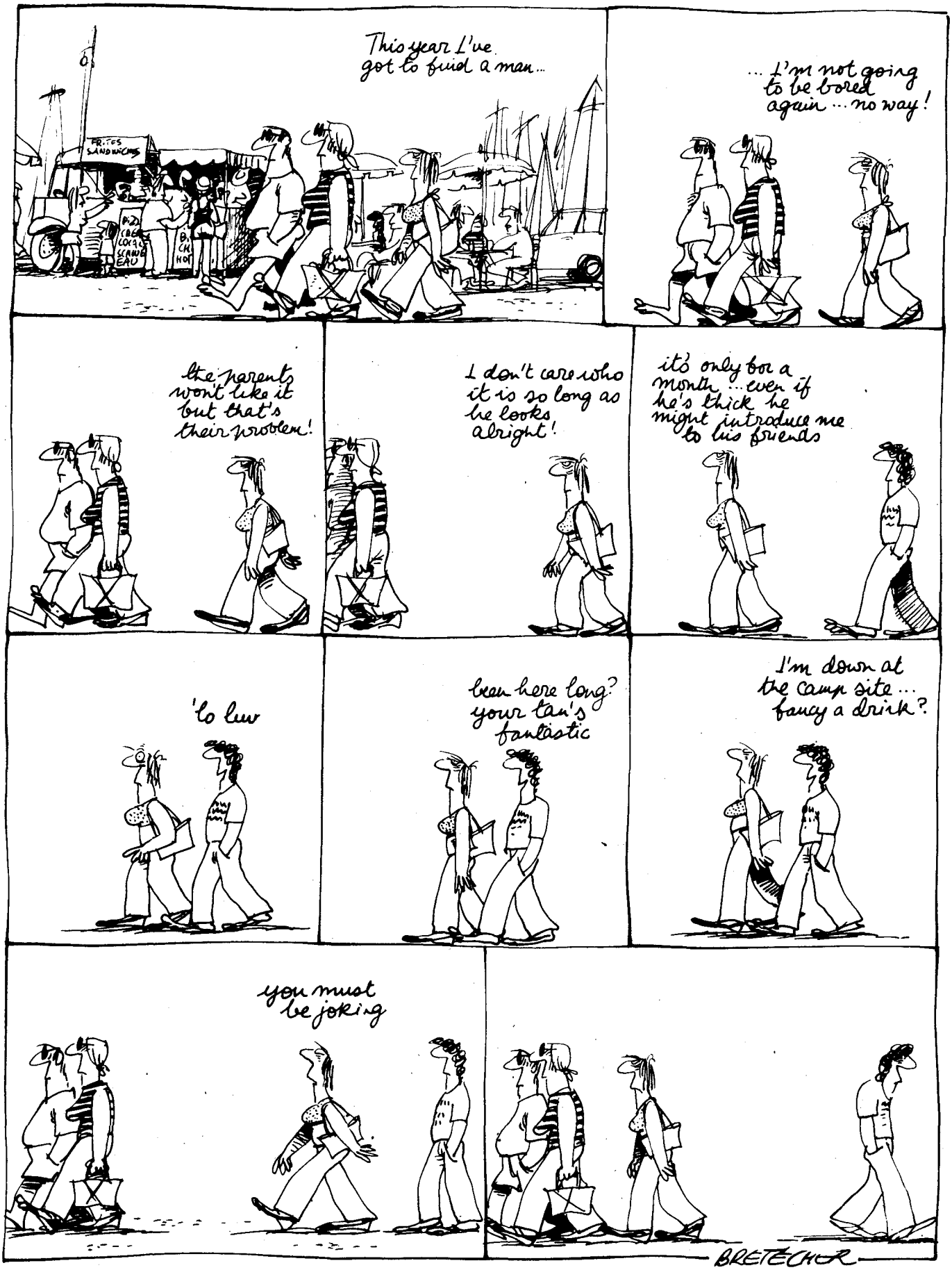
As a result, there is a lot of anger around. Said Lekota at the Pary's solidarity meeting in a personally uncharacteristic flash of anger: 'We hope we will not be called upon to make terrible sacrifices. But we know there is nothing this government can do to us in future that it has not already done to us. It has killed us. It has detained us. If we have to, we will pay the price.

'We are speaking with unshakeable conviction. We have an appointment with history.' □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

MAN HUNT


This year I've got to find a man...
FRITES SANDWICHS
... I'm not going to be bored again ... no way!
the parents won't like it but that's their problem!
I don't care who it is so long as he looks alright!
it's only for a month ... even if he's thick he might introduce me to his friends
'lo luv
been here long? your tan's fantastic
I'm down at the camp site ... fancy a drink?
you must be joking
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

A triumph of *two* wills

Peter Prince, London SW11

I don't know Kim Sabido personally, as Anna Coote does, but I remember his work for ITN and was certainly pleased to read (Diary 27 July) about his recovery from a bad accident. But I was puzzled by your reporter's last sentence: 'In a sense, his recovery seems like a triumph of her (Ms Scarlett MccGwire's) will.'

Leaving aside — though I'm not quite sure why — the efforts of the medical team on his behalf, Mr Sabido's recovery seems to have been based on a combination of his own courage and will-to-survive and, maybe most important, the determined caring of a dear friend. But this was surely not a case of some wonder-woman dropping out of the sky to exert her will and sort things out. Such devotion must be the fruit of a loving relationship — in this instance between a man and a woman — which, I can't help but believe, the man must have had some share in creating. It was not the triumph of anybody's will — strange phrase — but a tribute to what had gone on before the accident between these two people.

Why then does Anna Coote seek to divide them in their moment of shared triumph? Would she have slanted her story in quite that way if it had been Ms MccGwire in the bed, suffering, and Mr Sabido at her side, caring? Or would the triumph of *his* will have proved a much less enticing spectacle?

Good luck to them both, and to hell with point-scoring.

Democratic medicine

Heather Macrae, London SE8

Margaret Sandra's letter (*NS* 20 July) by no means conveys the only view of patients from the now-defunct Limes Grove Health Collective, a demise which is the source of great sadness to myself and many other patients now seeking alternative health care. It is hard to imagine the feelings of workers whose commitment to the practise over a number of years, and more recently under the threat of redundancy, is now rewarded with unemployment. Contrary to Margaret Sandra's suggestion, their insistence on waging a campaign to protect the collective principles and practise of Limes Grove, rather than a personalised one against Barbara Jacobs, has never faltered.

Neither is there anything inevitable about the failure of collective practise, even if NHS strictures make such an attempt in primary health care difficult to sustain. Indeed, the continuation of the practise over the last eight years bears testament to the possibilities generated by the sharing of medical power and resources by health workers and patients. It succeeded because of a commitment by all its workers and many patients and was certainly not 'created' by any individual.

The experience of the women's movement has taught many of us that collectives often undergo traumatic moments. This is particularly so when their most powerful members are confronted with a choice between destroying a collective in pursuit of their self-interest, relinquishing some of that power and accepting a majority view or resigning from that collective. Barbara Jacobs could have taken the latter course and established a general practise to suit her needs, agreeing to the continuation of Limes Grove with new doctors who, incidentally, *were* available, contrary to Margaret Sandra's statement. The fact that she chose not to is hard to understand. But to attribute the end of the practise to Dave Kirby and other workers who are attempting to extend the Limes Grove experience to another part of London is ludicrous.

Vive la différence!

Chantal Hamill, Livingston, West Lothian

Your leader on Mitterrand's new Prime Minister (*NS* 20 July) reflects the general lack of understanding of France in this country which leads to so many dialogues of the deaf between the two countries.

The French Left have not 'aped the ways of the Right in relying on technocrats to do their political work', they have behaved like Frenchmen in a totally different elitist educational system and asked the competent rather than the incompetent to do their main work. This had previously been done by the Right in France because the Right had been in power, to the exclusion of the Left, for such a long time.

The Fifth Republic is not a parliamentary system and there is no obligation for the French to behave as if they were locked in the sterile British system. Only accidentally is the French National Assembly the way to power and it often works the other way round: you get power and then find a safe seat. As a result the Prime Minister has theoretically the whole of France to draw on to form his cabinet. He is more likely to choose the ENA (Ecole National d'Administration) and other elite college graduates than the man next door: these have at least the advantage of being meritocratic elites rather than based on wealth.

In this country, there are usually only 300 MPs to choose from, and the approach often seems to be: if you know nothing about your new ministry, you will bring a fresh mind to it. Vive la competence!

Party line

J.E. Mortimer, General Secretary, The Labour Party

In his column (*NS* 27 July) Peter Kellner, writing about the head office of the Labour Party, asserts that 'within the past fortnight there has been an angry confrontation between the library staff and Mortimer over his wish to cut the library staff from five to four.' He is wrong. There has been no such angry confrontation.

We have an excellent chief librarian and I have always found our library staff helpful and co-operative. The library staff has been cut and the chief librarian thinks it has been cut too much. A few weeks ago one very competent member of the library staff was transferred to campaigning activities. This was discussed with all concerned including trade union representatives.

The union representatives support the chief librarian in her view that the library staff should be restored to five. It is one of the constructive contributions of trade unionism that it encourages those responsible for the management of resources, including myself, to re-examine their proposals. The majority of the heads of departments, who have also been consulted, take the view that we should try to manage with four staff in the library even though it will result in some loss of efficiency and service. We are now making further enquiries and we will return to the discussions.

The central theme of the last Commission of Enquiry report into the Labour Party was that urgent steps should be taken to improve the Party's finances. Two and a half years ago we were heading for an overdraft far higher than that authorised by the bank. We had an accumulated deficit, no reserves, and over £400,000 was owed to the staff in arrears of pay.

The audited accounts for 1983 show that for the first time for a number of years we made a surplus on our operating account. There was a separate surplus on the General Election account. Arrears of salaries have now been completely paid off.

This progress has been made because of the care taken by the National Executive Committee, and particularly its finance committee, the consistent co-operation of the heads of departments, the financial support given by the unions and individual members and, above all, because of the help of the staff. Every department has suffered cuts, the staff have had more work to do and their pay has fallen behind. The last three annual pay claims which I have helped to negotiate have resulted in, first, a pay freeze, then a 5 per cent increase and now a 3 per cent increase.

I do not expect staff to be enthusiastic about staff cuts, additional work and deteriorating real wages. To pursue such a policy relentlessly for a period now extending well into its third year has been unpleasant and I have not enjoyed it. I have tried to keep at it because that was the job I was given and because I want the Labour Party to succeed.

Hysterectomy facts

Dr N.W. Goodman, Bristol

Women who have conditions for which the best treatment *is* hysterectomy would be unduly alarmed by James Lefanu's short piece (*NS* 13 July). Hysterectomy *per se* neither causes depression (although a woman who had had an unnecessary hysterectomy might well become depressed) nor increases the risk of heart attack (although that may be so if the ovaries are removed as well from a pre-menopausal woman).

Dig deep for the miners

B. J. Draycott, Leicester

I am writing to you on behalf of the Leicestershire striking miners. It is not widely known, but out of the nearly 2,500 NUM miners in Leicestershire, only 40 miners are on strike. These few men took a courageous decision and chose to take part in the struggle to preserve their jobs and communities.

The situation which confronts us in Leicestershire is that we are not officially on strike. For that reason, adequate funding to keep our families is difficult. So I am making an appeal to you and your readers for beneficial help for our relief fund. All food, household goods, clothes and finance to buy fresh food will be warmly welcome. All cheques should be made payable to Leicestershire Striking Miners Fund. *Send cheques to the Editorial Department at the* New Statesman *for forwarding; to arrange delivery of donations in kind telephone John Rentoul at the* NS. *(01-253 2001).*

Correction

BNFL's 1981 worker mortality study found four deaths over a 22-year period, not over a two-year period, as misstated on p.6 last week. However, the point that was made about Sellafield remains unaffected.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jules Lubbock

Pilgrim's progress

A Way of Life: Kettle's Yard
JIM EDE *Cambridge £25*

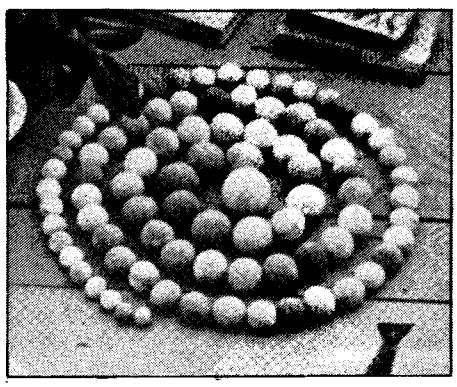
Following the public outcry over Mr Palumbo's proposal to erect a Mies tower in the City it must now be apparent, even to a Modern Architect, that the British loathe Modern Architecture. The question arises — 'In what style are we to build?' Clearly the conservation and emulation of our architectural heritage must be an essential component. Architects will have to develop a sense of morality and of beauty. Bricklayers, among others, will once more be able to practise the finer points of their craft.

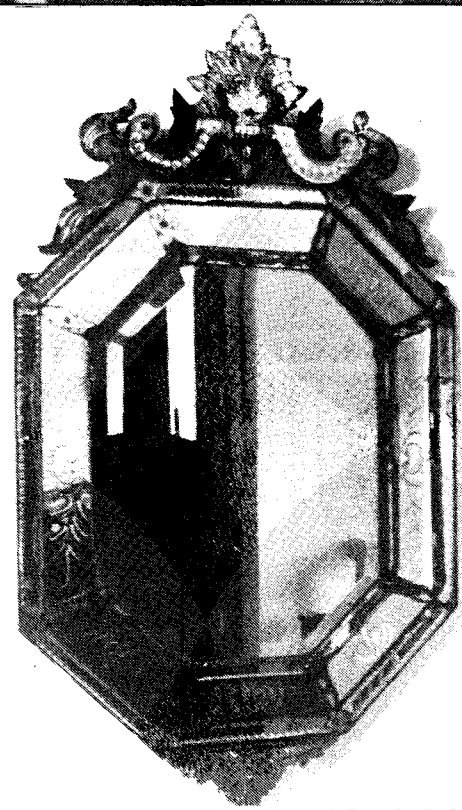
The complaint of architects is that all this is backward-looking. We need Modern Architecture to express our technological age. The simple answer, as those whose craft has been destroyed and as the occupants who have been so sadistically tortured would agree, is that our technology has been a disaster and that true modernity is to be sought elsewhere.

But while this savage technological modernism has prevailed in architecture certain gentler approaches have flourished in the other visual arts, perhaps because they have not been associated with industry and greed. One of these alternative modernisms is represented in Jim Ede's book *A Way of Life: Kettle's Yard*, which has great relevance for the future of architecture, and for the larger issues of work, recreation and our relation to the natural world.

What is Kettle's Yard? Some people describe it as an art collection that includes work by such major British artists as Ben Nicholson, preserved as a period piece in the home of the collector, Jim Ede, among his furniture and objects. Ede donated it to the University of Cambridge 20 years ago, and now lives in Edinburgh. But Ede is not a collector; and Kettle's Yard is neither an art collection nor a period piece in the conventional sense.

What is it then? By way of explaining I must acknowledge a personal debt. As a student, while Jim and Helen Ede lived there, I used, like many of my contemporaries, to visit — for Jim held open house every afternoon. There I was able to sit with a favourite object, or read, or gaze — just as I pleased. At tea we squeezed around a table in a tiny alcove and conversed with this youthful old man with his strangely French intonation, his faded denim jacket and knitted tie with ever-so-large a knot. We helped wash up. Maybe, if it were evening, we wandered through the churchyard to ring the Angelus in the tiny mediaeval church. Most important was that one participated in the 'intensely practical' life Jim has led in pursuit of his ideal. He describes the joy of cleaning — of scrubbing the pine staircase; and he would have us gliding around on waxed cloths to polish the floorboards. Many objects were gifts. For all these reasons Kettle's Yard cannot be called an 'art collection' — rather it is a source of inspiration.





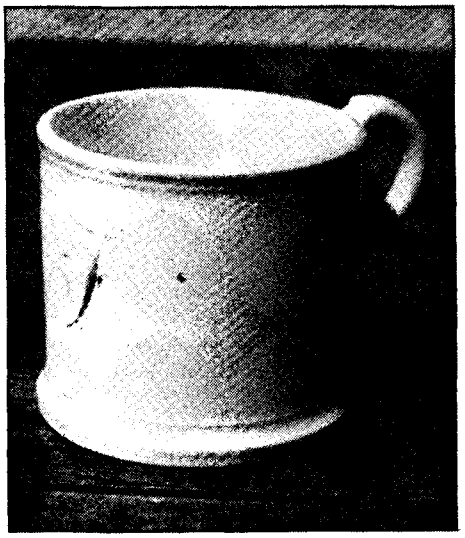
Above: Venetian mirror; above left: spiral of pebbles; top: a 'spherical construction' by Gregorio Vardarega and other objects in a window at Kettle's Yard

Jim says that it is *his* Pilgrim's Progress. In the book he spins this paradox:

> It is salutory that in a world rocked with greed, misunderstanding and fear, with the imminence of collapse into unbelievable horrors, it is still possible and justifiable to find important the placing of two pebbles.

Justifiable and important because were we to find satisfaction in such pursuits war could not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jim Ede's grandfather's christening mug in the bathroom

arise. And possible too — peace reigned for many centuries throughout the Buddhist Gupta Empire in India.

The essence of this peace is evoked in a description of a former home — perhaps one of the most beautiful passages of prose since Pater:

> The garden was always a miracle, for it was set in high walls, which shielded it from the clamour of the street beyond, and as I opened the gate into it, I had the impression of entering a church, so sudden was the silence which fell on me; or of diving into a reach of water, so green and cool and fresh it was, and as I shut the gate my world became timeless, and a combining sense of past and future, a bubble insubstantial and invulnerable. Within this bubble I was intensely practical.

Our cities need such garden-sanctuaries, not the ostentatious, traffic-ridden plazas proposed by Mr Palumbo.

Jim is a true architect — but how different from the tear-it-down-and-rebuild school. Kettle's Yard itself was lovingly converted out of four cottages using discarded materials from other places. Many of the groups of artefacts form a miniature architecture.

On a tall-boy stand some glass jugs and vases, delicately cut and lightly gilded, with great turreted lids which seem like 'a golden city'. In one's imagination the glass, irradiated by light filtered through slatted blinds and reflected from white walls, becomes domes and spires of crystalline gold. *The* Golden City is the heavenly Jerusalem and Kettle's Yard aspires to be both a symbol and a microcosm of it. And this book of miraculous photographs is a microcosm of that microcosm, a portable Kettle's Yard for those who are unable to frequent the place itself. Maybe it sounds too precious. But it is so only in the sense of an American-Indian poem 'This Earth is Precious' that begins 'How can you buy or sell the sky? The idea is strange to us.'

In short, Kettle's Yard and this book point the way to a beauty that all Greens and all who call themselves socialists should cherish — ranging from the delicate splendour of a nautilus shell and the magnificence of a Venetian mirror to the simplicity of a ball of Naxian marble weathered by the sea. Here is no modernist orthodoxy to some barren utilitarianism but a harmony with nature in all her glory. □

DIARIES
Patricia Craig

Final product

The Diary of Virginia Woolf: Volume V 1936-1941
ed. ANNE OLIVIER BELL *Hogarth Press* £17.50

The facts of Virgina Woolf's life are pretty well known — madness and depression on the one hand, continuous steady work and the liveliest social engagements on the other. Her luck in having a husband as conscientious and thoughtful as Leonard Woolf has often been commented on. More than one generation of readers has marvelled at the effort it cost her to perfect each book as it went to press; and argument has gone on and on about whether or not she succeeded in achieving perfection and, if so, where. For a time after her death it became fashionable to rate her criticism higher than her fiction, and this view still has its advocates. Her famous eschewing of plot, a triumph to begin with, went seriously awry when it came to *The Years* — the novel that plagued and preoccupied her throughout 1936. She couldn't keep herself from envisaging the direst possible reception for the book: 'a roar of laughter at my expense'.

It didn't happen; and Virginia Woolf's attitude at this time certainly contributed to the popular idea of a neurotic authoress who suffered extravagantly in anticipation of hard words which never materialised. In fact, her apprehension wasn't as unreasonable as it appeared after the event; it was based on a pretty shrewd understanding of *The Year*'s defects. 'That odious rice pudding of a book', she called it, with her usual talent for the illuminating phrase. In reaction against it, she immersed herself in the work which eventually appeared under the title *Three Guineas*. About the critical view of this, which displeased almost everyone who wasn't an avowed feminist, she remained uncharacteristically insouciant. In December 1938, six months after its publication, she notes, not at all in a spirit of despondency: 'Not one of my friends has mentioned it.'

Her biography of Roger Fry was completed and published in July 1940; by which time *Poyntz Hall (Between the Acts)* was well under way. This is a writer's diary, and one which gives the greatest possible insight into the creative process; at the same time, because it provided an outlet for a kind of writing in which problems of style and technique weren't paramount, it stands as a perfect complement to Virginia Woolf's novels. Lightness of touch is one of its attributes; this, along with her usual passionate concern for exactitude of expression, makes Virginia Woolf an extraordinarily vivid reporter of everyday events. On the subject of the war, she records the historic statements & 'Blood, tears, etc' — as well as the domest. effects which loom ridiculously large: 'Butter all eaten by guests'.

Names familiar from innumerable biographies and memoirs, houses, haunts, significant gatherings, pronouncements, attitudes, occurrences — all these turn up here, revivified. Charleston, Monks House, Garsington, Tavistock Square. Vita Sackville-West at Sissinghurst, with bombs dropping everywhere around her; Ethel Smyth at 84 in a Shirley Temple wig. Only those for whom Bloomsbury has irredeemably baneful associations will fail to relish the continuous alertness that prompts such notation.

What strikes you about these diaries is their gaiety and sanity — true, there are lapses into silence, depression acknowledged and dissipated, private and public miseries resolutely faced. Virginia Woolf, like everyone else, occasionally gives way to inappropriate impatience, over-reacts to some trivial nuisance or allows herself to dwell on a matter of no importance (a loan to a friend, for example, which she could well afford, preyed on her mind to an absurd extent). The effect of her diaries, though, is predominantly instructive and exhilarating. Only one entry — for August 1938 — strikes us as oddly disturbing, and it does so as a consequence of hindsight. Virginia Woolf, at Rodmell, quite impassively records the recovery of two drowned women's bodies (one at least a suicide) from the river near-by.

The editor of these diaries deserves the greatest credit for her painstaking and exhaustive approach to the undertaking. Virginia Woolf's output is now available in its entirety — all reminding us of the justice of Elizabeth Bowen's remark about her, that she 'was the extreme and final product of the English liberal mind'. □

The Reform of Social Security
A.W. Dilnot, J.A. Kay, and C.N. Morris

'May come to be seen as the most important book to be written during the lifetime of the present parliament.'
Peter Kellner, New Statesman

'An exemplar of the correct approach to reform of social security.'
Sarah Hogg, The Times

'It is, of course, much easier to describe a shambles than it is to suggest practical ways of clearing it up. It is the strength of the IFS study that its favoured solution appears to suffer from none of the disadvantages of earlier schemes.'
Daily Telegraph (Editorial)

£10 Paperback £3.95

Oxford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE
Steven Rose

Germ of an idea

Biotechnology:
A New Industrial Revolution
STEVE PRENTIS *Orbis* £9.99

Biotechnology is the industrial application of biological processes for production and profit. Brewing and cheesemaking are biotechnology, but the name is usually reserved for the range of potential applications which have spiralled out of the laboratory discovery, 30 years ago, of the structure of the cell's genetic material, DNA, and its role as a genetic code. One part, but only one, of the new processes, is called genetic engineering and involves the tailor-making of particular micro-organisms — bacteria, yeasts and so forth — to produce higher yields or even completely novel, saleable substances. The most striking example of this to date has been the insertion of the genes involved in the manufacture of human insulin into the common gut bacteria, *E. coli*. In principle, *E. coli* can now be grown in bulk and an unlimited supply of human insulin made available to the increasing number of the world's diabetics, circumventing the need to extract insulin by conventional means from the limited supply of pancreases available from the slaughtering of farm animals.

Insulin production from *E. coli* is now the patented property of the drug firm Eli Lilly but, although such insulin has been cleared for human use, its production is apparently still not going entirely smoothly. And indeed, although the total market for biotechnologically produced substances and processes has been estimated at more than $60 billion by the end of the century and the media hype has known no bounds, it is hard to think of a single biotechnological product which is yet being produced profitably.

One of the biggest single biotechnological investments has been that of ICI, which set up a huge plant at a reputed cost of some £50 million at Billingham to manufacture 'single cell protein', trade-named Pruteen, by way of a bacterium which can live on methane (natural gas). The protein — essentially the extracted bodies of countless billions of the bacteria — was to be produced at the rate of 50,000 tons a year for animal feed. Unfortunately the development of Pruteen coincided with the rise in energy prices and a fall in the prices of the 'natural' rival, US soy bean. The Pruteen plant is now sensibly regarded by ICA as, essentially, a great learning experience.

Vast fortunes have been made from biotechnology, it is true, by the speculators who have rushed to buy the shares of the host of genetic engineering companies floated by the new breed of university-molecular-biologists-turned-entrepreneur who have themselves been engineered into existence over the past decade. So extraordinary has this share boom been that that most august of scientific journals, *Nature*, has taken to publishing a monthly stockmarket analysis of share movements in the new 'bug valley' companies.

The huge commercial interest in biotechnology has been coupled inevitably with media scares that Britain was, yet again, being 'left behind' in this new technology and worries about threats to human health by epidemics caused by the accidental release of new types of infectious bug and to human ethics by the prospect of genetically engineering new types of person.

It has engendered a need for books which soberly discuss both the science and politics of biotechnology. Understanding the science is not made easier by the fact that, unlike, say, information technology, biotechnology is not a single thing or procedure, but embraces methods and concepts that involve agriculture, the biomedical sciences and chemical engineering. Steve Prentis, who edits the obligatory journal for those in the field, *Trends in Biotechnology*, has written a clear and straightfoward introduction to the science(s) involved. He starts with DNA and enzyme chemistry and then moves at a brisk pace through the various fields in which biotechnological methods are — or may soon become — available: new fermentation processes; new diagnoses of disease and new pharmaceuticals; the so-called 'green revolution'; fuel ethanol from sugar cane and new processes for the chemical industry.

This 'industry-led' way of describing what is going on has the problematic effect of obscuring some of the basic scientific concepts concerned without enabling one to stand back and achieve a more global and critical economic and social assessment of the strengths and weaknesses of biotechnology (that is done much more effectively and critically in Ed Yoxen's book *The Gene Business*, published last year, which is weaker on the science but has a better contextual grasp of what is going on). The consequence of this lack for Prentis's book is that one is never quite sure which of the processes he is describing are with us now, and which are no more than the gleams in an entrepreneur's or a scientific visionary's eye. Indeed Prentis repeats many of the more optimistic technocratic assertions as if they are problem free. Take the new 'green revolution' for instance. The difficulty with most agriculturally useful crops is that they require added nitrogen to grow (in the form of fertiliser). If only one could tailor them to fix their own nitrogen from the atmosphere, as some bacteria do already, you could obviate the need for fertiliser. Prentis describes this highly speculative possibility clearly. But the problems only begin there.

First, it is a very complicated bit of biochemistry to perform and there may be very good biological reasons why so few plants have evolved it in the past; and second, the experience of the past 'green revolution' for the Third World is that it produced strains of crop which were fine in the controlled conditions of the scientist but poor in the real circumstances of agricultural application. Feeding the world's hungry is a goal most likely to be achieved not by new super-sciences and technologies, but by dealing with the maldistribution of existing resources (all those milk lakes and butter mountains for instance. . .).

Biotechnology is a set of techniques and speculations developed around the priorities of profit rather than those of social need. *Biotechnology* is competently done and well presented, but uncritical. I can't help concluding that the book the subject *really* needs remains to be written. □

Maurice Riordan

Nickname

The windows of the Great House gave
onto a sloping lawn with avenue
that curved like some noble gesture —
up which Grandfather was trotting
his barouche in 1884-or-so,
when Lady Standish Barry cried out
'Oho, look at him — the fine Buck
coming to have his rents reduced!'
And Standish had the first motor car
in County Cork, registered no. 1.
Joyriding from town that first day
he killed a sheep and pair of lambs,
but the next morning he was in
that passage there with three hoggets.
So said my father on Sunday morning
as he brushed and brushed his shoes,
blacked the night before, until they shone.

USA
Michael Leapman

Private views

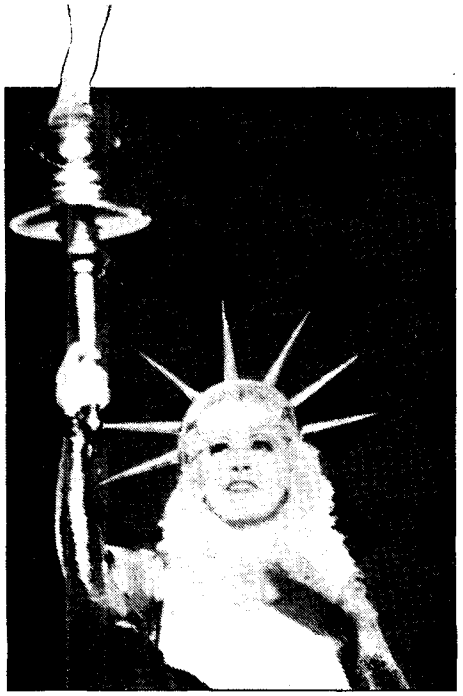
The Art of the City
PETER CONRAD *Oxford* £15
Caste Marks
PAUL FUSSELL *Heinemann* £8.95

As soon as Peter Conrad arrived in New York in 1969 he became besotted with it and with America. Four years ago he wrote *Imagining America*, a discovery of how the burgeoning new world had affected the imagination of other British writers. In his new book he examines New York through the eyes of a selected group of authors, painters and photographers.

It is a hard book to categorise. On the flyleaf Paul Fussell (of whom more later) is quoted as calling Conrad 'one of England's most acute

IF IT'S OUT OF PRINT
Our mail-order warehouse has over 100,000 titles in history, economics, politics, social-economic movements, Afro-Asian-Soviet affairs, war, revolution and peace.
We also buy books, pamphlets and periodicals
Phone 01-876 7254 or write (s.a.e. please)
Barnes High Street, London, SW13
TRY HAMMERSMITH BOOKS
Since 1948 a world-wide book service

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



'Mae West as the Statue of Liberty' (1934)

cultural critics' but **The Art of the City** is criticism in reverse. Where critics customarily illuminate and evaluate the artists and works they are discussing, Conrad instead uses the works to illustrate and reinforce his prejudices about their common subject — New York. Since his view is partial and highly individual, at the end we learn more about Conrad than we do about the artists or the city.

He has an eye for rough trade. His dominant images of New York are of dissolute anarchy and putrefaction. He likens it to a 'groaning garbage truck'. His favourite locations are the seamy (Runyonesque) side of Broadway, the Bowery of the down-and-outs and Coney Island, the fleshly seaside resort in Brooklyn, where one of his chosen photographers, Weegee, was in the habit of snapping couples making love on the beach at night. The better heeled citizenry are represented by the characters in Scott Fitzgerald's novels, searching for sensual excess and degradation.

Some of Conrad's observations are revealing and entertaining, his enthusiasms infectious, but as a whole the book is difficult to read. Oddly for a lecturer in English, he has no sense of shape. He plunges right in, meanders aimlessly, shoots off at tangents and comes to an abrupt halt when he can think of nothing more to write. He makes a stab at promoting Walt Whitman as, in his own words, the 'genius loci' of the work, but for long stretches, especially when Conrad is plumbing the lower depths, the poet is forgotten, to be resuscitated quite arbitrarily at the end.

In his excitement he may babble into obscurity, essentially meaningless:

> Futurism exults in a thermodynamic despair — the perdition of heat loss, experienced by Stella's multitudinous guttering bulbs and by the crowds in his Coney Island bacchanal. Purism preserves New York from this fate by a cautionary lowering of its temperature.

And he inclines to overuse puns, both conceptual and verbal:

> Riis [the photographer] wielded the flash as a weapon. Fired from a revolver during his nocturnal patrols with the police, it roused the sleepers in overcrowded tenements and enabled him to gauge their numbers. It also achieved, by happy accident, the slum clearance for which Riis agitated: twice, in igniting the flashes, he set on fire the shanties he was photographing.

While Weegee takes a picture of a gun shop:

> The camera shoots on behalf of the gun, which will also emit light along with its missile when the trigger is pressed. Photographic denotation alarmingly approaches detonation.

Photographers are professional voyeurs. By choosing to look at New York through their lenses, and through the pens and brushes of the other artists he selects, Conrad becomes a voyeur once removed. While much of what he observes is intriguing, it does not add up to a cogent or truthful portrait of the city. The brave failure is in the book's concept, not in the research or its analysis, which are characteristically energetic and thorough.

By contrast, Paul Fussell's **Caste Marks** is a predictable and unrevealing study of a well-worn subject — class differences in America. The fly leaf gives you an idea of what to expect 'Do you prefer vanilla or chocolate ice cream? Is your raincoat beige or black? Do you keep a dog or a goldfish? Do you drink sweet white wine or dry?' A question that might have been added is: 'Do you read books about class?' I don't suppose Nancy Mitford, with her U and Non-U, was the first of this genre, but she certainly has much to answer for in inspiring shelf-loads of supercilious nonsense telling people how their behaviour reveals their social position.

Tastes and fads change, so there is nothing intrinsically illogical in working over the subject yet again, but to justify the effort an author has to bring to it a fresh wit and some original insights — attributes that Fussell fatally lacks. He plods through the familiar material, adopting a monotonous, sneering tone.

He divides America into nine classes and mocks all of their foibles to some extent; but his most sustained scorn is reserved for popular proletarian culture, manifested in the mail-order catalogues on which he appears to have based much of his research. Confronted with copious examples of tacky catalogue items ('a navy-blue flameproof hearthrug with your family name in Gothic letters') we are invited to snigger along with the author. For the rest, Fussell relies largely on unsubstantiated generalisation and quotations from other works on the subject, including those by our own Jilly Cooper and the irrepressible Peter Conrad.

Summing up, he asks us to share his indignation that prole — his term — values are infecting all aspects of America's culture and language, yet his book is an example of that very process. It ends with a facetious quiz where people are invited to ascertain their class by analysing the contents of their living room (cellophane on any lampshade, substract 4). This is a favourite device of women's magazines serving the prole market he affects to despise. Despite the book's pretension and Fussell's academic credentials as professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, that is the intellectual level it achieves. He should try selling it through those catalogues. It would sit well on a tortoiseshell coffee table (add 1) alongside *Reader's Digest* (subtract 3), *National Geographic* (subtract 2), the reproduction Tiffany lamp (subtract 4), the potted palm (add 5) and the container of matchboxes from funny places (add 1). □

MODERN FICTION FROM METHUEN PAPERBACKS

STANLEY MIDDLETON
ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM £2.95
'It makes me burst into superlatives' *Mail on Sunday*

MAUREEN DUFFY
WOUNDS £2.95
CAPITAL £2.95
LONDONERS £2.95
Her haunting triptych of London life.
'One of Britain's foremost writers' *Guardian*

SALLY EMERSON
SECOND SIGHT £2.95
LISTENERS £2.95
'Sally Emerson is a highly original creative novelist' *Bookseller*

THOMAS BERGER
THE FEUD £2.95
'Another splendid comic success for Thomas Berger . . . enormously, easily enjoyable' *Observer*

STEPHEN BENATAR
WHEN I WAS OTHERWISE £2.95
A touching and ironic novel of family life.
'Funny, outrageous and unpatronising' *Scotsman*

methuen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia: Broken Idols, Solemn Dreams

DAVID SHIPLER *Macdonald* £9.95

David Shipler worked as Moscow correspondent for the *New York Times*, as successor to Hedrick Smith, author of *The Russians*. His account is more thoughtful and therefore better than others of its kind. He doesn't collect curious facts about Soviet life and throw them indiscriminately together. He talks about those aspects of the Soviet Union he knows.

Shipler had small children who went to school in Moscow. The chapters on Soviet education form perhaps the most interesting part of his book. Classrooms are grim, 19th-century style. Children are drilled in order and certainty from the earliest age. They are taught exactly where the truth lies in every subject. Very quickly they learn that, if they want to live comfortably and securely, they must accept these dogmas as given. They acquire the art of dissembling, of hiding the disbelief that stirs, from time to time, in every one of them.

As an American foreign correspondent, Shipler was sought out by oddballs, intellectuals, dissidents, those Soviet citizens who refuse to dissemble. Through them, he discovered the Russian passion for talking, in cramped and uncomfortable conditions, over alcohol or tea, far into the night. As he says, 'The best conversations in the world are around those Russian kitchen tables.' He came to understand the evolution of unofficial ideas. Krushchev's revelations about Stalin shattered belief in the system and the traditional ideology of Marxism-Leninism. Instead, Russians are apparently fascinated with the West. They will clamour for places at a performance of a Western orchestra, spend a month's salary on a pair of black-market moon-boots or an LP. But the ideas which strike the deepest chord in the Russian consciousness today are not Western. Russians are attracted not to liberal Democracy but to the Russianism preached by Solzhenitsyn, a religious, authoritarian, nationalist creed, based on an idealisation of Russia's peasant past.

The limitations of Shipler's book are those of his own horizons in Moscow. He met dissidents, Jews, intellectuals. Shipler himself indicates the gulf which exists between them and ordinary Soviet citizens in his account of Sakharov's meeting with Klebanov, the miner who organised a free trade union. Sakharov not only refused Klebanov any help, but supported the authorities' claim that he was mentally ill. Klebanov's bitter conclusion was that Sakharov was a snob, who 'knows very little about how average people live' and cares less.

Olga Semenova

Fifty Years in Cricket

LEN HUTTON *Hutchinson* £8.95

Despite having been England's first professional (as opposed to amateur) cricket captain, Len Hutton turns out to be something of a Long Room traditionalist, finding much to deplore in the game's recent developments. He detects a mercenary strain at the highest level and deprecates the undeferential and frequently loutish behaviour of today's overpaid and overpraised players. *Bêtes noires* include Tony Greig, Dennis Lillee, Kerry Packer and Geoffrey Boycott. Contemplating the present sorry state of Yorkshire cricket, Hutton, who was brought up in the great Yorkshire side of the Thirties, reflects wistfully how different things would have been under Lord Hawke, and offers as an apparently serious solution to the county's problems the belief 'that if Yorkshire could find an amateur-type captain, able to devote his summers to playing county cricket. . . a new dawn would break'.

Hutton was forced by injury to retire prematurely in 1955. He left the game the leading batsman of his day, holder of the Test record of 364 (scored against Australia in only his sixth Test match), and went on to become a selector and only the second Englishman to be knighted for services to cricket. *Fifty Years in Cricket*, written with Alex Bannister of the *Daily Mail*, is an overview of this impressive career, and as such will be of interest to all who follow the game. Unfortunately, however, the book falls below the highest standards of the genre, the muzzy, tabloid prose lacking the precision — the 'incredible accuracy', as Neville Cardus put it — of Hutton's own superlative batting.

Simon Rae

Greenham Common: Women at the Wire

ed. BARBARA HARFORD and SARAH HOPKINS *The Women's Press* £3.95

From the diaries, journals, letters and recollections of more than 50 Greenham women arises a question that encapsulates the success of the camp: 'What do you do with a revolutionary/ who carries no gun/and admits to having fun?' What indeed? Women who break into the base to dance, who clip fences to plant flowers, whose 'actions' fill the air with balloons or make a four-mile-long paper dragon, face the government with an insuperable problem. They confront missiles only with symbols and images of life. It is hard to destroy symbols. The women have compared themselves to water trapped inside the glass of patriarchal power: it is a shatterable vessel which contains their unshatterable fluidity.

The chronological story of the Peace Camp from the formation to the present day has been told before. This book's interest lies in its exploration of what makes the camp a focus for hope. While some of the ideas are expressed in phrases worn down by over-use into thin cliché, the continuing appeal of an alternative life-view and life-style shines through. The gathering together of various unashamedly personal voices stylistically enacts the women's symbolic subversion. Thank Heavens, also, for the women's doubts. By describing failures and outbursts of violence, conflicts of interest and distressing personal disagreements as well as belief, unity and exhilaration, the camp appears less intimidating than our preconceptions might suggest.

Wherever you stand, this book arouses admiration for their tenacious humour and optimism — and for their tactics. They have infuriated and frustrated the Establishment, not simply by opposing it, but by opposing it on their own chosen terms, transforming even the territory of confrontation with a celebration of life.

Nicci Gerrard

Women in the English Novel 1800-1900

MERRYN WILLIAMS *Macmillan* £20

What this hopelessly timid book requires is not so much an injection of vision and vitality as a complete transplant operation. Merryn Williams's study of 'the age of female novelists' is disappointingly unimaginative throughout, a rather pedestrian survey of fictional and social realities, content to elicit only the most elementary of insights. In the absence of any theoretical overview, documentation is lucidly relayed so as to fill a vacuum with mere statistics.

The problematic nature of the relationship between fictional image and social fact is acknowledged but all the interesting questions are left unasked. Instead we are offered a tame review of 19th-century novelists from Austen to Hardy, taking the models — disarmingly — at face value, and depositing such lame conclusions as 'the moral of Thackeray's novels is seldom simple', or that 'some sort of revolution' had taken place over the century. What *is* surveyed goes largely unanalysed, when the significance, for example, of Jane Austen's complex idiom of irony is such inviting ground for debate and surely of more interest than the superficial introductions given to a dozen (deservedly) minor women writers.

A progression is charted from self-sacrifice to self-fulfilment, from familial incarceration and wifely subservience to material independence and self-identity, while always having to fight against the double standards of sexual morality. The challenge to male supremacy — the fear that underwrites the punishments meted out by Trollope to women not content to live vicariously through their 'Lord and Master' — is a threat reported rather than probed. And on the other side there rumbles the, still pertinent, anxiety that had even George Eliot promoting the virtues of resignation, which was a response to the fears of 19th-century feminists that the price of winning equality would be the extinction of femininity itself.

The moral of the topic is far from simple but, sadly, its exposition here largely is.

Oliver Harris

Alias Papa: The Life of Fritz Schumacher

BARBARA WOOD *Cape* £10.95

Fritz Schumacher was an outstanding, outspoken economist often running against the tide of current ideas: even his packing to go away showed this. He travelled light, with skilled economy:

> First I put on my pyjama jacket, then on top of that my shirts, then my suit jacket and last of all my dressing gown. Then I carefully take it all off together and roll the bundle up . . .

He first came to England before the Second World War as a German Rhodes scholar at Oxford. He set out as an apologist for Hitler's national socialism but became a believer in the cleansing power of Marxism for Germany. In the end, he renounced Germany, worked at Nuffield College for the Oxford Institute of Statistics, became a member of the Labour Party in 1946, brought his wife to London in 1950 and bought a house in Caterham. He then spent the best part of 20 years commuting to Hobart House as an economic adviser to the Coal Board.

As many find, cultural horizons are widened by reading on the commuter train and, for Schumacher, it led indirectly to his advocacy of a Buddhist approach to economics in particular, and life in general. He wrote a best-seller, *Small is Beautiful*, which embraced his philosophy.

He decided ultimately that Buddhism was unsuitable for him, but it helped him to look deeply into the imperfections of his 'ancestral' religion, Christianity. True to his nature, this extraordinary, unorthodox man was eventually received into the Roman Catholic Church, but not until after his first wife's death and his marriage to their Swiss *au pair*.

Barbara Wood, a daughter of the first marriage, has written about her father with affection and understanding. His second marriage shocked her profoundly: she was his severest critic. Yet some such liaison was inevitable for a man who felt so strongly about the benefit of sympathetic personal relationships for the good of the community. Schumacher habitually stressed this belief at Hobart House where now Mr MacGregor and Mr Scargill could do worse than follow his example.

Brian Martin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION
Roger Lewis

Many mansions

Ardabiola
YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO *Granada* £8.95
Conversations in Another Room
GABRIEL JOSIPOVICI *Methuen* £7.95
White Stag of Exile
THOMAS SHAPCOTT *Allen Lane* £6.95
Queen of Swords
WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE *Deutsch* £7.95

What happens when we enter the house of fiction? **Ardabiola** confronts us with a miscellany of moods. To tell the story of a miracle-plant, Yevtushenko ushers us through chapters decorated in slightly different stylistic shades. Looking back over the plan of the book, we see how we have been strolling through comedy, tragedy, sensationalism, sentiment, fantasy, farce. The deployment of tone is virtuosic. Instead of establishing the level of irony at the outset, the narrator tinkers with the light in which his characters are cast each time they make an entrance. Yevtushenko's house of fiction is a department store of available attitudes.

We are in modern Russia. A mad scientist, his truck full of food and cheap champagne, prowls to find a companion. Ardabiev wants to unveil Ardabiola, a botanic confection which cures cancer. It has been developed by combining the chromosomes of the tse-tse fly with the genes of the fedyunnik (a Russian berry). The inventor hopes his brain-child will make him the person of most use to mankind.

A drug to obliterate carcinomas would certainly be messianic. Ardabiola is first tested out on a rat (an induced tumour recedes) and next on Ardabiev's father. He is cleared of terminal symptoms, too. Just as a celebratory party begins, however, a telegram is received. 'Father dead. Funeral Wednesday. Mama.'

The journey to Khairiuzovsk depicts the slapstick cruelty of life in a Soviet state. Queues, crazed bureaucracy, organised muddle, grey drizzle: the country contains no redeeming gaiety. 'The shortages? Rubbish! A shortage of feeling — that's what it is.' At the airport, Ardabiev is accosted by weary parents who beg him to take their child, Vitya, on an early flight. The slumbering babe, when awake, is a violent troll. His tantrums prompt the comatose Russians to bestir themselves for he urinates on legs, pulls off wigs, eats soap and breaks other children's toys. An idea of what the imp will be like when full-grown is given by a triumvirate of adolescent hoodlums who make mischief near Ardabiev's family home. The bored sons of petty officials, they swig ferrous wine and moan to their parents about obtaining foreign denims.

The funeral is performed with industrial honours. The catafalque is erected on the railway tracks at the train-depot and a photographer records the event. The widow poses next to the open coffin ('his hair stirred in the wind as if alive, while he himself was dead') and the parodic wedding-group moves off on a lorry to a parodic wedding-breakfast. Yevtushenko turns his gaze upon the cameraman and makes some points about the mordancy of his craft. Photography is itself funereal: images are frozen, life is stilled. The lens captures a fragment of the soul of those it winks at, and the camera can become an extension of its owner. 'For I'll die too one day, and with me my negatives,' says the melancholy shutter-bug.

It is a relief for Ardabiev to learn that his father died not of cancer but of a trachea blocked by a drinking bout. But relief is short-lived because the hero, returning from a visit to the photographer's dark-room, is knuckledusted and brain-damaged. He starts writing books about the effect of music on the growth of plants and ignores his greatest find. Ardabiola, aggrieved and enlivened by Britten's *Requiem,* uproots and defenestrates itself in protest.

Conversations in Another Room is an investigation of the house of fiction, so scrupulous it reads like a laboratory test. The novel is a transcription of chat eavesdropped upon by other ears. Who is the man sitting in the hall scribbling in a notebook? The novelist? In the bedroom, an old biddy, immobile in her cot, persistently prys and snoops into her niece's life. Mary the maid, elsewhere in the apartment, is assumed to be listening keenly. Josipovici's concern is the notion of spying and the ethics of artistic licence. As we all invade the privacy of our fellow human-beings merely by existing alongside them, a novelist makes himself the invisible intimate of perfect strangers. He is a seamy sleuth. Hence, Henry James outside the hotel-room key-hole in Max Beerbohm's cartoon. The chamber in Josipovici's novel is insulated against the rest of the world. It is an aural, rather than a visual camera. Sound is excluded and filtered — rather than light. 'No sound reaches the hall except for the murmur of conversation in the old lady's room.' This murmur the novelist registers — as an image would be on a photographic plate — in his papery scribbles. Unfortunately, Josipovici's is desultory speech. The idea behind the book is much more interesting than the book itself, which is a classroom exercise.

White Stag of Exile is hardly a novel at all. Thomas Shapcott has produced a scrapbook of letters, journals and reports about the Hungarian art historian Károly Pulszky. Its theme is the making of a museum in Budapest and the unmaking of the man who made it. By degrees we learn the extent of Pulszky's madness. Obsessive work leads to a nervous breakdown and the expensive purchasing of obvious fakes. Quotations from *Romola* alert us to the way in which the Victorian house of fiction shut itself up like a mausoleum. Shapcott's odd book, like George Eliot's, is a laboured and historically documented volume that lingers uneasily in the limbo between fact and fantasy.

William Kotzwinkle's **Queen of Swords** lingers uneasily in the limbo between being funny and being a bore. It collapses into the latter state. Kotzwinkle's house of fiction is not a nursery for the imagination but a noisy shambles. □

HISTORY WORKSHOP JOURNAL

A journal of socialist and feminist historians

Issue 17

Articles for this issue include Christopher Hill's *God and the English Revolution,* Tristan Platt's *Liberalism and ethnocide in Latin America,* Regina Schulte's *Arsonists,* Joan Smith's *The ILP in Glasgow and Liverpool,* Paul Ginsborg's *Peasants and Communists in Italy 1944–9,* Philip Foner's *Why is there no socialism in the United States,* Michael Ignatieff's *Soviet War Memorials,* Charles Legge's *Origins of Gentrification in London,* Roderick Floud's *The Case for quantitative history,* Raphael Samuel's *Outcast London, the making of a myth,* Sally Alexander's *Feminism and Labour in the 1920s* and Carolyn Steedman's *The battleground: the struggle for curriculum control in the primary school.*

Issue 17:
0 7102 0216 4, paperback £5.95
publication 7th June

Routledge & Kegan Paul
14 Leicester Square, London WC2

RKP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAZZ
Charles Fox

On a summer's day

COMFORT, or the lack of it, may play a larger part in aesthetic judgments than most of us imagine. Visitors to three of the jazz festivals held during the summer could well have had their magnanimity boosted or their tetchiness heightened by the varying niceness of the surroundings.

Sprawling in the sun at Bracknell, with, could one only hear them, birds twittering in nearby trees, encourages even a critic to listen benignly to anybody displaying a smattering of talent. Similarly, leaning on the ledge of a box at the Royal Festival Hall, next to a banner advertising the sponsors, JVC and Capital Radio, offers an awareness of small details: the way, for instance, Miles Davis kept chewing between trumpet solos (could he be hoarding a stash of gum inside his cheek?). And a sour response to 'Now's The Time', a festival in Brixton organised jointly by the GLC and the emergent National Jazz Centre, may have at least something to do with the fact that all the main events took place in a hall without a single seat. Injury was added to weariness when the bar demanded £1.40 for a pint of lager.

The Academy in Brixton is an ex-cinema with a noble interior: classical statuary in niches and an above-the-proscenium complex rivalling the Spanish village at the Astoria, Finsbury Park (better known nowadays as The Rainbow). But with heavies at every door and a box office where you needed to shout, the atmosphere was not welcoming. In any case, the weekend started awkwardly with The Coherents playing 'free music' while agitprop slides were projected on to a screen. Excellent musicians revealed their drearier sides, emoting sympathetically beneath shots of heroic strikers, fiendish policemen, sneering toffs and quotes from Mrs T. Piquancy was added if you knew about the muzzled Alsatian guarding the top of the stairs.

William Sansom called one of his books of short stories 'Something Terrible, Something Lovely', a title that sums up precisely the schizophrenic character of the first night's finale — by Sun Ra's Solar Arkestra, bizarrely jumbling ditties about space travel with a handful of dazzling solos and 1930s revivalism. Yet the band performs old Fletcher Henderson scores so sloppily that their virtues are erased. Saturday evening brought more bewilderment as Archie Shepp pottered about the stage, continually knocking his music over, patently reluctant to blow his tenor saxophone — with the result that his fellow saxophonist, George Adams, tried much too hard. Much the best music that night came from two Brazilians: Nana Vasconcelos and Egberto Gismonti, the former plucking, bowing and slapping his berimbau, the latter sometimes making his guitar judder like a Paraguayan harp, sometimes sounding as dead-pan as Derek Bailey. The nadir was plumbed by a Cuban trumpet player, Arturo Sandoval, technically thrilling but enthusiastically collating the flashier lapses of Harry James, Maynard Ferguson and Eddie Calvert.

The Bracknell Festival coincided as usual with the Wimbledon Finals (luckily, McEnroe is more resistible than Borg used to be). Once again it provided workshops for young musicians (organised by the Musicians' Union) as well as simultaneous happenings in the Marquee, Cellar Bar, Recital Rooms (occasionally) and — a new addition — the Wilde Theatre, its acoustics so good that the John Williams Octet did without amplification altogether. That kind of intimacy has a great deal to do with Bracknell's success (this year's was the tenth festival). It suits the human scale of jazz. Nothing goes on so far away that the listener is not able to see the face, the hands, the practical way in which the music gets created.

There were fewer Americans this time, but among them were the musicians in Carla Bley's Band, making up for a recently issued, much too bland LP, with a really explosive set, including forays by the trombonist Ray Anderson. Another remarkable trombonist, Eje Thelin, from Sweden, turned up in the ranks of the European Jazz Ensemble, whose repertoire ranged from fairly savage free playing to a melodic ballad by the Danish trumpeter, Alan Botchinsky. But a good deal of Bracknell's strength comes from its assumption that European jazz matters as much as American. Each year a new work is commissioned from a British musician. This year Trevor Watts wrote 'Mister Sunshine' for his Moiré Music, conjuring up dense layers of sound through which Maggie Nichols's voice cut like Cat Anderson's trumpet soaring above the Ellington brass.

The JVC/Capital Festival took British jazz under its wing by sponsoring a week of events at Ronnie Scott's Club. But the Festival's real emphasis is upon big names at the Festival Hall. B. B. King departed from recent practices by putting on the kind of act he might easily have been touring in the 1950s. In between show business interludes, he sang and played blues with a fearsome tenderness. But his attempts at getting the punters to join in ('First the gentlemen, then the ladies') bit the dust when confronted with a British audience. Lionel Hampton's big band, predominantly white — many of the players no doubt straight out of music college — coped knowledgeably and zestfully with the traditional repertoire: 'Hamp's Boogie Woogie', 'Flying Home' and, nowadays, 'In The Mood'. And to prove that Hampton is not locked inside the swing era, the final score was an adventurous arrangement of 'Milestones'.

Miles Davis, of course, did not play 'Milestones' when he appeared. Instead he performed a long, rambling set, moving from one theme to another, throwing in a couple of exquisite blues, even paying a tribute to Cindi Lauper's presence in the charts. In the 1960s the younger musicians set the pace in his bands. Nowadays he is decidedly in control, initiating, listening to his sidemen like a tutor. Most of the time he prowled the stage, wearing a cap and billowing clothes, rather like a 19th-century street musician. Perhaps too much gets written about his new-found awareness of the audience. Nevertheless, old hands still find it amazing to see him shaking outstretched hands, even blowing a few notes into an illicit tape recorder. As your reviewer arrived for the second house he had met Gil Evans leaving the first: 'Miles has got his chops back,' Gil said. Indeed he had, once again asserting his identity on the trumpet in a way that nobody has done so nakedly since Louis Armstrong burst upon the scene in the 1920s.

That sound, as it happened, could be encountered again last weekend — but recorded a quarter of a century earlier by the younger and famously arrogant Miles Davis, with John Coltrane alongside him and Gil Evans — skinny as ever — conducting in the distance. It was shown as part of BBC-2's two nights of jazz (12 hours altogether if you include the quaintly prim *It's Trad, Dad!*. Russell Davies's profile of Louis Armstrong was pleasingly frank (pot-smoking and Uncle Tomming were discussed quite freely); Gjon Mili's *Jammin' The Blues,* with Lester Young blowing as casually as the cigarette smoke rising around his pork-pie hat, seemed less art than when it was standard Film Society fare. *The Benny Goodman Story* paraded the splendid absurdities of Hollywood biography; *Jazz On A Summer's Day* showed that a good film could be made out of the music. That showed Thelonious Monk probing at the piano, as he did in CBS's *The Sound of Jazz* filmed a year earlier, in 1957 (it also let us see Pee Wee Russell's india-rubber features). Monk and Miles apart, the most up-to-date jazz of the weekend came from the Stan Tracey Quartet, nicely caught at London's 100 Club. Something similar should really happen again, perhaps an annual festival to be watched from the armchair, the one place where, paradoxically, the viewer is at his most critical and most comfortable. □

Camera Press

The younger and famously arrogant Miles Davis

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE
Naseem Khan

End of term

The Happiest Days of Your Life
JOHN DIGHTON *Barbican*
The Ratepayers' Iolanthe
NED SHERRIN and BEATON *QEH*
A Little Like Drowning
ANTHONY MINGHELLA *Hampstead*
Red Star
CHARLES WOOD *Pit*

It's been a great week for nostalgic exercises — Clifford Williams's production of **The Happiest Days of Your Life** being the most straightforward. Set in that most British of institutions, the minor boys' public school (Carl Toms's set nicely combines the Gothic with the squirearchical), it deals with the confusions that ensue when Whitehall's Ministry of Devacuation confuses St Swithins, Hastings, with St Swithins, St Leonards, in its efforts to find space for schools bombed out in the war.

Hilary Hall's headmaster (a fussy little John Cater) reluctantly draws up plans for the St Swithins incursion, stowing the new pupils and staff away in the carpentry shop and unused bits of corridor. It all goes for naught however when St Swithins arrives — the wrong St Swithins: the female St Swithins. The miserable men find their common room prettified with chintz and themselves banished to carpentry room and corridor. Women, says the senior master Rupert Billings (Richard O'Callaghan) percipiently to his colleague, are either dragons or amazons.

All this is of course a faint echo of Wodehouse — remember those organising aunts and sisters who made life hell for their cowed relations? Women as monstrous nannies is a time-honoured British view. But this is not all. Both heads rapidly realise that the parents of both their schools would be horrified at the development. Ruin stares them in the face — imminent ruin when young Sowter's parents announce their arrival. So they plan to conceal all traces of each school in the presence of the other school's parents, the main lever for the play's farcical events. The Sowters, appalled, discover Class 3's handicraft — lace-trimmed pyjamas. Worse, they find women staff. Their boy's manliness is clearly at risk: he must be removed.

As a farce, it's an insubstantial piece, without the glorious implacable steps toward doom that in better plays have you cowering and cackling simultaneously. And the male alarm about women, a basic assumption of the play, doesn't perhaps carry quite the same charge as 40 years ago. Clifford Williams does his best, however, to make this not unpleasant pachyderm trot along. His production is busy and inventive, culminating in a fevered construction of the barricades and the *1812 Overture*. Peggy Mount's magnificent Miss Whitchurch deserves to be stuffed, mounted and displayed among the trophies on the wall. Maria Aitken's gauche and playful Miss Gossage is a delight. Whether it all merits revival however is in doubt.

Oddly enough, some of its themes — the incompetence of civil servants, the inherent dangers in sexual mingling and a respect for the traditional status quo — pop up again in a play where you would least expect them. **The Ratepayers' Iolanthe**, sponsored by the GLC as a sort of end-of-term romp, takes the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta as its base line and builds on from there: the fair land of the GLC is saved by Red Strephon from the evil hands of The Chancellor in league with a suspiciously Thatcherite Fairy Queen. As with any hybrid, the result is rather odd, with all manner of inconsistencies only just under the surface. In the final analysis, *The Ratepayers' Iolanthe* wins; but only because it has Sullivan's wonderfully sprightly score on its side, buoyant playing from an attractive cast and some neatly satirical reworking by Ned Sherrin and his co-writer, Beaton. The GLC's arts record has on the whole been bold, imaginative and forward-looking. Surely it could have found a fresh new play or production to commemorate its own record? Why fiddle about with an old work and, moreover, find yourself stuck with all sorts of un-GLC-like anachronisms — a blonde and passive heroine who allows Red Strephon to adminster her estate, a load of fairies (albeit punkised by Sherrin) who eventually give their hearts to the Tory male chorus, and only one black performer in a cast of 28? For all its assets — Gaye Brown's Queen of the Fairies and David Kernon's bouncy Red Strephon are wickedly accurate — it is a wasted opportunity.

A Little Like Drowning is a quiet, searching attempt to understand a family tragedy. The author, Anthony Minghella, doesn't succeed, but final incomprehension is perhaps part of the message. Observed by the 72-year-old Italian Nonna, the play returns in flashback to her marriage 50 years before to a British Italian, Alfredo. After some years and two children, he goes off with blonde Julia with whom he lives till his death 20 years later. It is a simple if not trite tale. I liked it a great deal because of its allusive quality: it suggested the pressures of Catholicism without making a song and dance about Culture Clash, the Generation Gap *et al*. It left the central character of Alfredo (Alfred Molina) — a slow, burly, sweet-natured man — ambiguous. Essentially, nobody understands — old Leonora sees Julia as a *putana* to the end. But, since Minghella sketches his play in so lightly, there is much that the audience remains too vague about. One needed to understand what Alfredo really wanted.

Too little space to say much about Charles Wood's new **Red Star**, a sprawling obtuse play that follows the fortunes of a humble member of the Theatre of the Glorious Soviet Agricultural Workers through a labour camp to dizzy heights playing Stalin in a film epic. The collision of art and life, honesty of the individual and dishonesty of the state, slogans and sense make for some interesting dramatic resonances but on the whole it is too sprawling for its ambit, and John Caird's direction is enough to fill several Barbican stages. It overwhelms the Pit. □

FILMS
Francis Wheen

First love

P'Tang, Yang, Kipperbang (PG)
Those Glory, Glory Days (PG)
Both at Classic, Haymarket; Classic, Tottenham Court Road; and locals
Bleak Moments (PG)
ICA
Lonely Hearts (15)
Academy

P'Tang Yang Kipperbang and **Those Glory, Glory Days** were both made by Goldcrest for Channel 4's 'First Love' series. David Puttnam says that he has now floated them into the cinema to settle an argument as to whether 'there is life after television'. I hope the experiment succeeds. They are engaging, nostalgic films about teenage passions; my only objection is that they are so similar to each other (perhaps because Jack Rosenthal wrote one and script-edited the other) that I doubt whether they work as a double-bill.

Both are formidably well-directed (Michael Apted for *P'Tang, Yang, Kipperbang*, Philip Saville for *Those Glory, Glory Days*) and splendidly cast. *P'Tang, Yang, Kipperbang* is the tale of a boy's infatuation with a girl in his class. His efforts to kiss her are chronicled in a witty voice-over commentary from John Arlott, pushing cricket metaphors as far as they can go. It seems that the boy will achieve his ambition when he is given a part in the school play alongside his *inamorata*; but will he? The play is directed by his form mistress (wonderful Alison Steadman), who has problems of her own with the school groundsman. John Albasiny and Abigail Cruttenden turn in remarkably mature performances as the young co-stars.

Those Glory, Glory Days is a semi-autobiographical piece by Julie Welch, the *Observer*'s football reporter, which follows four Spurs-besotted schoolgirls during the 1961 season — that glorious year when Tottenham won the double (League and Cup). Two of the youngsters, Zoe Nathenson (who plays the Julie Welch figure, 'Julia') and Sara Sugarman, act like veterans, and there are excellent supporting roles for Julia McKenzie (an obsessively tidy and upwardly mobile mother, who drops her daughter's bottle of HP Sauce into the dustbin with a look of utter disgust) and Elizabeth Spriggs, the haughty and incomprehending schoolmistress. Ms Spriggs dons a judicial black cap before punishing young Julia: 'I sentence you to two hours of needlework,' she intones. 'You will be taken from here to a place of handicrafts.'

Both films are highly enjoyable and easy to watch. Rather more effort is required for **Bleak Moments**, Mike Leigh's first (and so far only) feature film, made in 1971 on the unbelievable budget of £18,500. It had a short run at the Paris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pullman when it was released; full marks to the ICA for giving it a second chance. Those familiar with Leigh's later productions for television (including *Nuts in May, Who's Who, Grown-Ups* and *Meantime*) will recognise the style: an improvised script, an unhurried pace, documentary-like direction (especially in the positioning of microphones, which capture all sorts of extraneous noises) and characters who are painfully recognisable, laughable and yet ultimately sympathetic, because they are always more than simple caricatures.

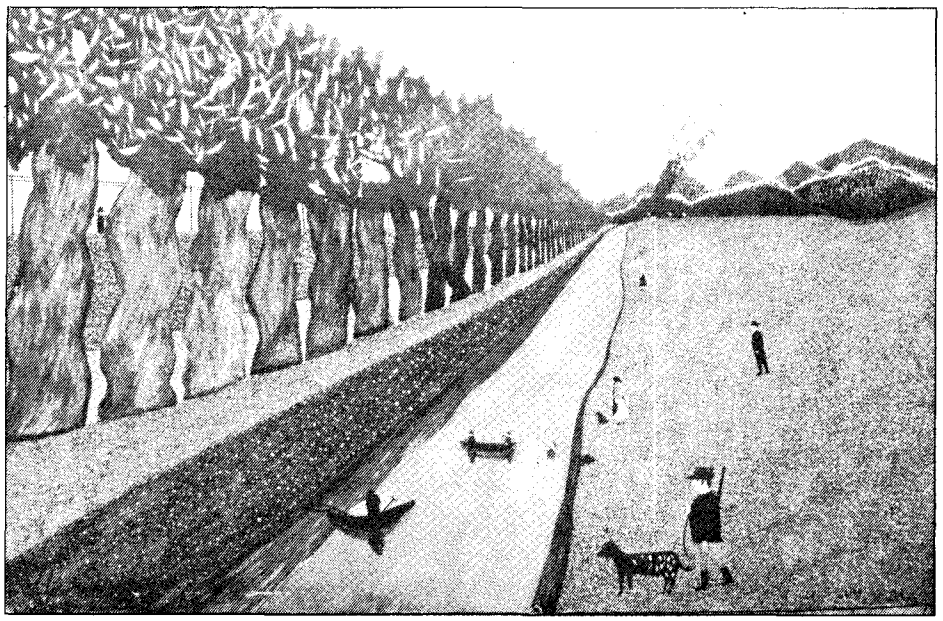
The heroine of the film is Sylvia (stoic Anne Raitt), who lives with her mentally-retarded sister Hilda (Sarah Stephenson) but also has to 'look after' her idiotically-grinning, Malteser-munching colleague Pat (Joolia Cappleman) and Peter (Eric Allan), Sylvia's tongue-tied wimp of a boyfriend. Sylvia has a hippy renting her garage, where he strums 'Freight Train' on his guitar while claiming to produce an underground magazine. The irony is that he, like everyone in the film, finds verbal communication well-nigh impossible. When Sylvia takes Peter home in an attempt to seduce him, there are about ten minutes of shuffling silence before he begins to gibber about the difference between radio and television. Television involves 'audio and visual signals' and is 'therefore a more satisfying means of communication' — as if he would know.

When Sylvia actually kisses him he looks as if he's about to have a heart attack. 'I really d-d-don't know what to say,' he stutters. 'Would you like a cup of coffee or something?' she asks. Leigh is brilliant at showing how the serving of cakes, biscuits, peanuts, tea, coffee, cocoa or sherry is used as a substitute for communication — whether at a disastrous tea-party at Sylvia's house or a silence-laden dinner in a deserted Chinese restaurant. I expect some critic will point out that *Bleak Moments* is so similar to Leigh's television plays that it ought to have been made for the small screen. One could argue just as easily that his televised work should have been shown in the cinema. As it is, we have only *Bleak Moments* and we should be grateful for it. If you live outside London, save up for an Awayday ticket and take yourself to the ICA.

While in town, you should also catch **Lonely Hearts**, the new feature from the Dutch-born Australian director Paul Cox. My colleague John Coleman described Cox's *Man of Flowers* as 'very good-looking and eccentric'. *Lonely Hearts*, too, has its eccentricities — Peter the piano-tuner (gloriously played by Norman Kaye) pretends to be blind for the benefit of one of his clients — but it is well short of the whimsy of, say, Bill Forsyth. After the death of his live-in mother, on the eve of his 50th birthday, Peter decides to invest in a new toupée and search for a lover. Through the good offices of the Excelsior Introduction Service he meets Patricia (Wendy Hughes), another middle-aged loner who is only just escaping from parental domination. Paul Cox's witty direction carries the film along at exhilarating speed through a succession of comic scenes — an outing to a bingo hall, a sing-song at an old people's home, a birthday dinner with the piano-tuner's ghastly sister and brother-in-law. Perhaps the ending is slightly too neat and sudden, but *Lonely Hearts* is still a pleasing way of spending a summer's afternoon. □

ART
John Spurling

Shy birds



Highly detailed riverscape by Hungarian Andras Süli

New Frontiers of Naive Art in Europe
Royal Festival Hall

The Naive Art Fancy has little to do with the art world proper. Those who collect and promote naive art often seem more like birdwatchers or lepidopterists than conventional art-lovers. Their pursuit is, after all, dogged by the same problem. Naive art is not easy to define, but its essential qualities are freshness and innocence, a child-like directness of approach unhampered by technical training or deliberately acquired learning. The very fact of discovering and exhibiting work of this kind can endanger the rare creature that makes it, so that the Fancy is for ever seeking out new species.

One or two of the British artists in this international exhibition — mounted by RONA (Register of Naive Artists) with help from various sources including the GLC and private sponsors — seem to be genuine naifs, or originally so. Ron Barnes may not have been a professional artist when he was discovered, but he must surely have studied work by Burra before painting the raffish profiles and powerful contrasts between large foreground and small background figures in *Ted's All Night Café*. Whether he did or not, the painting is too artfully structured and the faces too skilfully characterised to be considered naive.

Similarly, though Harry Harmer is employed as a gardener by Lambeth Council, his little watercolours of dark lonely figures against misty buildings are technically adept and perfectly self-conscious. He has exhibited at the RA and with the Royal Watercolour Society; he belongs now to the art world, not to nature. Tam McGuiness has been a miner and a potato harvester but, if he ever was a naive painter, he has long ceased to be: his intense landscapes and their bent, nervous inhabitants are lit and composed with precise and deliberate skill.

The British artists who look most immediately naive are those who are least so. They have adopted a naive style, which they practise just as other professionals practise expressionism or realism. These *faux naif* artists — whatever their virtues in another context — don't really belong in this exhibition, which is principally devoted to the fresh and innocent naive art of Eastern Europe: Romania, Greece, Hungary, Yugoslavia and Poland.

Certain themes are common: village and small town life, especially festivities and communal activities such as cheesemaking or harvesting; family life; travelling by boat or cart; and various sorts of fantasy, particularly Adam and Eve in Eden. The Poles are the most serious and stirred up, making adventurous and not wholly successful attempts to handle religion, history and warfare as well as the standard peasant subjects. The Romanians are the most relaxed and idyllic, perhaps because they are captained by the veteran and locally influential Ion Nita Nicodin, whose lush pastoral scenes and rich colours are the next best thing to a holiday in Romania. The Greeks naturally specialise in sea-scenes, but their pictures of village and family life tend to be more static and obvious than anyone else's — heavy tourism may have introduced an element of the *faux naif* here too.

The Yugoslavs are the most varied and represented here by more work and more artists than the others. Three of their best naive painters, all from the Croatian village of Hlebine, became famous for their socially committed peasant scenes in the Thirties. Two of them are still painting and have stimulated younger followers; the third, Mirko Virius, was murdered in a concentration camp in 1943.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My own favourites are the Hungarians (who have also fielded a selection of sculptors in wood and stone). Their standard scenes have a particular zest and movement and they are topped and tailed by two outstanding and unquestionably naive painters. Andras Süli began painting in 1933, burnt much of his work in 1939 and never painted again. He and such of his work as survived were rediscovered in 1968, exhibited and given a Grand Prix in 1969. Alas, he died that same year without having collected his winnings. His paintings — highly detailed and populous interiors, landscapes and riverscapes — are stiff and formal in the Douanier Rousseau manner, all verticals and horizontals and brilliantly, but not garishly coloured. Viktoria Czenene Kis (pronounced Kish) is a recent discovery and indeed a recent painter. She began in the year that Süli died and is now 70. Her work is extraordinarily varied — there are lyrical peasant scenes, a formidable self-portrait and disturbing drawings evoking personal suffering — but recognisable always by its humour and poetry. Her drawing of figures, animals and objects and her use of perspective are all obviously naive, but her surprising ideas, her instinctive focusing of a scene and her unerring colour harmonies proclaim her an artist worth anybody's attention — even those who don't count themselves part of the Fancy — and strong enough not to lose her gift by exposure. □

TELEVISION
Mary Harron

Apple pie

BOTH *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* were reduced to tears by the opening ceremony of the Olympics, calling it a Hollywood spectacle, although it was more truly Disneyland. The first minutes had all the exhilaration of a giant funfair: a jet-propelled stunt man whizzed over the air and made a perfect, dead-centre landing (as if to say 'Beat that!') and huge white and gold balloons floated into the air. With its thousand-voice choir, 1,500 dancers and 84 white grand pianos, the pageant that followed encapsulated what is good, bad, exhilirating and tawdry about America.

What is wonderful about America is that it's the only nation founded on the principle of having fun. And fun is what America does best: hot fudge sundaes and hot pink convertibles are the real lure of the American Way. If only reality didn't intrude. The best thing would have been if Mickey Mouse (who was always a bit of a Young Republican anyway) had come on and opened the Games. Instead we had President Reagan standing in a glass observation booth, his chin quivering with what could have been emotion but looked like senility. Fortunately Olympic convention restricted him to a set speech lasting 15 seconds (which he got wrong) but it was enough to underline that this was a propaganda exercise.

We didn't really need a reminder because the BBC's commentary lost no opportunity to remind us that the beastly unsporting Russians weren't here, with no mention of the American boycott four years ago. And there were the patriotic set pieces: the ghastly pioneer dancers, the choral singing of 'America the Beautiful', an anthem which has sounded sour and defensive ever since Vietnam.

Jonathan Dimbleby's **In Search of the American Dream** (ITV) is perfectly timed, and it's strange it isn't better. He opened by explaining that 'It's tempting to mock, patronise or condemn America as at best a nation that can't grow up.' (Isn't that the side we *like* about it?) He then spent ten minutes doing just that with set pieces of drug addicts, street crime and naked couples fondling each other in hot tubs. That's the problem with British journalists: America lays itself so open, there is something so lurid on every city corner, that in the end all they do is goggle.

Dimbleby, however, has taken a moral tone; he went in search of the rural heartland. Having delivered a speech castigating materialism he set off in a white convertible with red upholstery (and I bet he loved every minute he spent in it) to end up in the town of Wahoo, Nebraska. We saw a rather idyllic, hard-working, devout community with green fields and a white frame school house which, we were told, had preserved the immigrants' original values: 'Wahoo is not paradise, but nor is it Peyton Place.'

Well, how would he know? Small towns are complex mixtures of good and evil, kindness and repression; they are a bastion of old values and naively send their children off to be cannon fodder in foreign wars. Having presented us with the clichés of American cities, Dimbleby then offered rural clichés of simple earthy virtues. Middle America deserves more analysis than this pious and superficial account.

Having said that, I should now review Channel Four's **Middletown**, a six-part series on life in Muncie, Indiana. Unfortunately I was watching **V** on ITV, a brilliantly lurid, five-part series about an alien take-over of planet earth. In both plot and style (huge silver saucers hang suspended over every major city) *V* is in the tradition of the 1950s cold war space fantasies, inspired by the fear that the Soviet Union had taken over everything and was drugging our breakfast cereal.

However, even though the aliens wear red, *V* loses no opportunity to underline a parallel with Nazi Germany: throbbing music, close-ups of wise old Jewish grandfather looking worried, children betraying parents. It's all rather liberal, in its fashion. (Well, maybe.) You see, the aliens say they come in peace and get invited to everybody's parties but it's all a sinister conspiracy and then they start hounding the world's scientists because only they have the power to discover the ghastly truth.

Wearing red, persecuting Jewish scientists . . . maybe it is anti-communist propaganda after all. On the other hand the scientists start forming revolutionary cells and storing weapons, so maybe its communist propaganda. Anyway, it has every possible stereotype — spunky heroine, noble black doctor, lovelorn cheerleader, macho war photographer — all American fantasies are here, and it's a lot more palatable than the Olympics. □

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Small talk

Party Game
Covent Garden

Michael Corder's *Party Game* certainly looks different from anything he has yet done for the Royal Ballet companies: a 13-minute amusement after more serious studies, a sign that, after varied international experience, he's back with the home side — worldly, urbane, having affirmed his debt to classical tradition, entirely of his generation.

Patrick Caulfield's bold set received some applause. It is overwhelmingly red-striped (after the mock-Regency of the ROH wallpaper), a texture broken up only by painted lamps and their beams of light. A strong sense of centre-stage is created by a large yellow spot on the floor, in and around which most of the action literally revolves. The five dancers are dressed for the occasion, the women in skimpy satin frocks, the men in satin shirts, plain ties and quasi-leather trousers. Five is an uncomfortable number in a competitive, sexually charged atmosphere unalleviated by the gay relationship that emerges between Stephen Sheriff and Guy Niblett in the slow section. Bryony Brind dances the odd-girl-out, a mini-mage who masters the revels and the stage lights.

Echoing the shape of the yellow spot is the one prop: a giant pouffe, which is either used as a wheel, ridden decoratively by Brind and Deirdre Eyden, or as a parade bass drum. Stravinsky's *Concerto in D for Strings* provides the unlikely accompaniment.

The problems of the piece lie in the mixture of realism and abstraction. Comparison with Nijinska's picture of a party in the Twenties, *Les Biches*, has been made elsewhere. In her piece, Nijinska shows mastery of characterisation; in dealing with his group of closeted merrymakers, Corder shows neither wit nor acute observation. The dances hover between the sort you might expect to encounter in clubland and the sort that only ballet dancers could execute. The movement is fidgety, the details forgettable. Though the style may look new for Corder, something of the fussiness that has marred his previous works is doubly evident here.

Nor does Corder's work blend well with that of his collaborators. The Stravinsky receives the attention we pay to piped music and the Caulfield palate is unmatched in the lustreless choreography. Brind appears to enjoy dominating the stage; the others have a less good time. Ravenna Tucker's presence passes virtually unnoticed and she doesn't even get a chance to ride on the pouffe. With a budget allocation huge by most standards, Corder was given the choreographic rope to hang himself. I would say that this brief essay is unlikely to be around for long. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

Take off the clowns

MAYBE IT'S silly season syndrome, but I'm getting sick to death of politics — or, more correctly, of the 2.3-ring circus that politicians, in cooperation with the media, are making out of politics. When Jeremy Thorpe leaped low walls in a single bound and floated above the waters in a hovercraft a few elections ago, it put me off the Liberal Party for life. Now Neil Kinnock appears in a pop video and Mrs Thatcher laughingly asserts, on a TV chat programme, that her Dennis has a mind of his own (and if ever there was a smile on the face of the tiger, that was it).

I'm fed up with the hypocritical positions that politicians seem to think we'll accept gladly: the uncanny coincidence of Thatcher junior's Cementation deal, for example, or Neil Kinnock's sudden burst of warmth towards Arthur Scargill, or the outbreak of brotherly love between the Boy David and Dr Death — though if there was a prize for the politician who has talked the most sense in the past year, the latter would surely be a strong contender for it.

I'm cheesed off, too, with the politics of confrontation, when they take the banal, puerile form that they do these days. Parliamentary debates sound increasingly like a bunfight in a kindergarten. I have even begun to fantasise about patrolling the back benches during these unrewarding sessions and personally jamming a barrel-bung down the gaping maws of those MPs whose sole contribution to the democratic process (ha, ha) seems to be to bray 'hee-ah, hee-ah!' every time the Leaderene so much as pats her perm.

Harold Wilson (that fine judge of men) called Denis Healey a thug, but the most effective and witty rhetoric I've heard in an age came in his speeches about 'the Catherine the Great of Finchley' and Geoffrey Howe's pilgrimage round the Tories seeking their support with a smoking gun in his hand and a bleeding hole in his foot.

Exasperation is redoubled by politicians' latest technique in confrontation with radio and TV interviewers, which has reached its apotheosis with Mr Scargill, who disregards the questions put to him in order to churn out yet again his beliefs about the price of British deep-mined coal, etc, etc. I've seen Tony Benn give a most unconvincing critique of a news report, when being interviewed about its content, and Neil Kinnock, on *Newsnight* last week, rabbitted on at interminable length only (so far as I could make out before I fell asleep) to use up the interview time and prevent John Tusa from asking any more awkward questions.

Of course, I know very well that TV and radio interviewers can be as unfair on their side, with When Did you Stop Beating your Wife-type questions, but surely more intelligent and interesting means of counter-action might be brought into play than these rambling, extempore party political broadcasts?

I'm fed up with spurious crises, too. A TV reporter stands in front of the camera on the day the NCB's losses are made known, and wonders, in all seriousness, if these figures will put added pressure on Mr McGregor to settle. Surely the political tool of the grocer's daughter would have known for at least a week before publication — i.e. before the breakdown of the last set of talks — what his company's losses were? In the same programme, the good old 'unbiased' Beeb told us that aforesaid losses amount to a subsidy of £103 a week per miner. . .

I'm fed up with contradictory statements of what ought to be ascertainable, objective fact: about, for instance, what the coal stocks *are*, as distinct from what Mr McGregor, or Mr Scargill, or Mr Walker might tell me.

Dole and telly will go down as the 20th-century equivalent of bread and circuses when the history of the decline and fall of the West comes to be written. For that's what politics is about now: 90 per cent public relations, 10 per cent dated dogmas — and 100 per cent insult to the public's intelligence. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2833 **Set by P. Kay**

The agenda for the autumn's Labour Party conference includes a resolution calling for the party to present policies at the next election that 'reflect the needs and aspirations of ordinary citizens' and 'face the issues of the last part of the twentieth century'. Extracts, please, of up to 150 words, from speeches *opposing* these suggestions. By 17 August.

No 2830 **Set by Henry Hetherington**

Ruthless rhymes about famous contemporaries.

Report **By Ms de Meaner**

Flocks of apologetic postcards are winging their way into the Complex from some of the world's more recherché wine-growing areas (we shall obviously have to reduce payments since some of you clearly don't need our small offerings). And yet there has been a large entry for this one and of such a quality as to have induced in me a feeling of benignity, tenderness even, towards my stay-at-home compers. The cash flow, however, will allow of only one Wellington per rhyme.

Maggie in a moody spasm
Pushed Sir Geoffrey down a chasm,
Then, repentant, salvaged him
And substituted Francis Pym.

Scargill and McGregor went
Too near a lake of wet cement —
Presumably their sins are pardoned
Although their attitudes have hardened.
PHILIP A. NICHOLSON

Reincarnated, Roger Scruton
Found life uncouth: for, with the boot on
Its other foot, Fate sent him back
Ill, hungry, unemployed and black.
TERRY TOWLING

The bulky Cyril Smith MP
Collapsed on top of Mrs T.
An inauspicious coalition
Applauded by the opposition. J.J. WEBSTER

David strode onto the beautiful green
To which he was specially partial.
He took his guard, surveyed the scene —
And in came Malcolm Marshall.
N.J. WARBURTON

When Mark was killed while hunting deer,
His royal widow shed a tear.
She said: 'I am upset, of course,
That really was my favourite horse.'
MAUD GRACECHURCH

Ruthless Ronnie, power-glutton,
Put his finger on the button
Wiped out the whole of the human race —
And the smile on Nancy's face. NINA HIBBIN

What argument would best convince
That unbelieving parson?
God moves in a mysterious way,
And this time He tried arson.
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

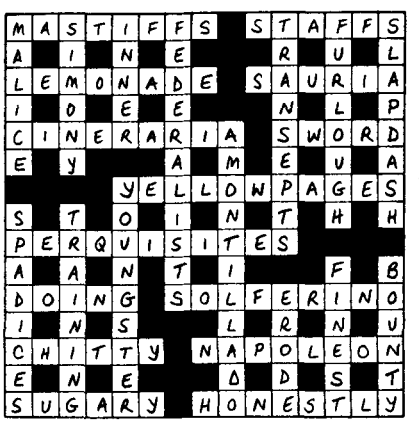
She was dry as tinder;
The fire-bell didn't move her.
Mrs T's a cinder —
Will someone fetch the hoover? WENDY COPE

As the missiles hurtled home
On Vienna, Paris, Rome,
Ronald Reagan, looking sick,
Said to his assistant, 'Quick ,
Send a diplomatic note —
This could screw the Catholic vote.' NOEL PETTY

'There's been an accident!' they quipped,
'Upon a 'nana skin she's slipped.'
'Indeed,' said Kinnock, 'lay some more
Banana skins upon the floor.' T. GRIFFITHS

The captain's made a blunder
(No look-out at the prow?).
The Ship of State goes under
As Brittan wonders 'Howe?' ALAN CLARK

Solution to 1447


MASTIFFS STARFFS
A I N E R U L
LEMONADE SAURIA
I O E E N L P
CINERARIA SWORD
E Y A M E U A
YELLOWPAGES
S T O I N T H H
PERQUISITES
A A N T I F B
DOING SOLFERINO
I N S L R N U
CHITTY NAPOLEON
E N E D D S T
SUGARY HONESTLY

Prizewinners to 1447

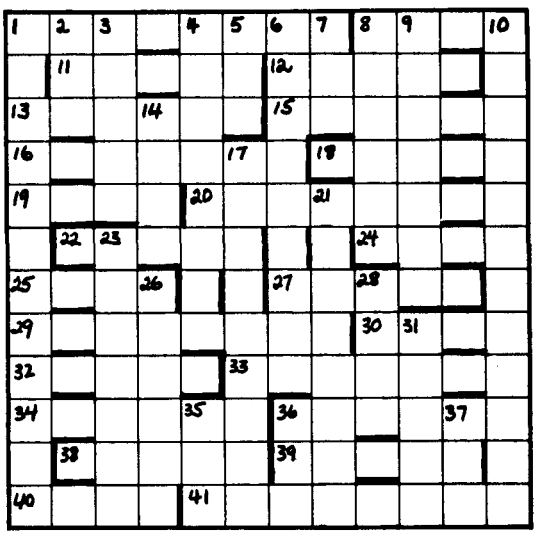
Mrs B. Morrison (Aberdeenshire)
Frank Kettle (Bromley)
J. W. Moverley (Malvern, Worcs.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Salamanca 84

'Ringworld'

PRIZES: £25 cheques for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Salamanca 84, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 4 September.



Vees are the birds that guard the peak
Which lacks the nine rings you must seek;
Mark where they'ld be and dot the line
And number them from one to nine
In *column* order, left to right;
Then with a pen or pencil bright
And straight lines join up 9 to 1,
1-2-....-9, and when it's done
View the complete grid, and you *should* see
My name, and the One Ring, where they should be.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1 Discuss difficulty with travel while holding last magick ring (2 words, 8)
8 Language found in odd positions in borders, written round (4)
11 Go away and return continually with captured male (5)
12 Take one shot to produce striking display (5)
13 A check, say, that's official (6)
15 Dance with one arm bent double (6)
16 Lacking gear, have Aragorn perhaps for your course director (7)
18 Presents for women tied round with threads (5)
19 Finishing touches given letters (4)
20 What babies may have on cot (slang) (8)
22 Old friend and servant and bodyguard included (5)
24 Part of the woodwork nobody can ignore? (4)
25 Began with the first page in the dictionary? (4)
27 It's chill in the highlands, clutching gold ring, that is (5)
29 Blow from below that has risen through cross passage (2 words, 8)
30 Secret force's turn to rise (4)
32 Cross left in underground tunnel (5)
33 Might this have an inscription? Rock sort can (7)
34 Quantity of marks on ring carried by relative (6)
36 Destined as before, alas, to end in death (6)
38 Sounding device when used by common man, say (5)
39 Rich soil forming soft covering underfoot round about to start with (5)
40 What's once confounded Gollum (at end part) (4)
41 Whale's the prey, possibly (8)

DOWN

1 Hollow in the road where sprawls oak Gimli's heart may haunt? (12)
2 Cunning in hearts of black Orc Masters (3)
3 *Not* like Treebeard, one to see in the field (5)
4 One who smothers, swimming in long Old English River (8)
5 Edible stuff found growing between two graves? (3)
6 Wandering about climbing this enormous mass disappears, melting (9)
7 Edge, or edge away from one (3)
8 No longer faint name filed among pile (6)
9 It twinkles on meridian (*not* meridiem) (7)
10 Midshipman needing trim? Barber sounds necessary (12)
14 Grave: opening one of these bones and suchlike show (4)
17 Game involving leaps onto bed by child? (9)
21 Get roots bursting into them from above? (8)
23 Cuttlebone, one in bottomless marine place (7)
26 Bare evening greeting once you'd say (6)
28 Firm instruction to engineless ferry line, we hear? (4)
31 Visit another ship? Do the whole range (5)
35 Who's for a little sake? (3)
36 Divers need sun to ——? (3)
37 Bound mass melting away till no more (3)

Solution to Salamanca 83

T	H	R	E	E	G	A	B	E	S	P	A
R	S	E	E	C	O	I	L	F	O	R	B
A	H	A	M	H	U	S	E	F	S	O	B
C	O	P	P	E	R	B	E	E	C	H	E
I	O	R	T	E	I	P	R	I	O	R	Y
N	L	E	Y	D	E	N	A	R	M	E	S
G	R	A	N	G	E	P	H	E	B	I	U
I	M	B	U	E	D	L	S	B	E	N	B
W	I	S	T	E	I	A	L	O	D	G	E
I	D	O	R	U	N	C	I	L	O	L	D
L	O	R	I	G	O	E	S	A	V	E	I
L	C	B	A	E	R	S	T	R	E	E	T

Unclued answers are the names of places of homes encountered in the stories of Sherlock Holmes, with the letters of his name omitted: Copper Beeches; Shoscombe Old Place; Abbey Grange; Wisteria Lodge; Three Gables; Empty House; Priory School; Baker Street.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 83
W. S. Brownlie (Paisley)
A. L. Vann (Ascot)
Margaret Woods (Bristol)

billboard

enquiries 01-251 5487

Theatre

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Road, E1. 01-790 4000. Eves 8pm THE THIRD & FINAL ROUND by Johnnie Quarrell. *Special Mon price — all seats £2!* 'The Half Moon at its very best: Don't miss it' *Obs* 'Wildly funny' *Times* 'Delightful performance' *F.T.*

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
Olivier (open stage) 'A Little Hotel on the Side'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Venice Preserv'd, 'Wild Honey', 'Golden Boy'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Glengarry Glen Ross' 'Anton Chekhov'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
01 628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
MEASURE FOR MEASURE — 3 August, returns 10, 11 August
THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE — by John Dighton new prod 4-9 Aug.
THE PIT
VOLPONE — by Ben Johnson 3 Aug, returns 10, 11 Aug.
RED STAR — new play by Charles Wood 4-9 Aug.

FRENCH'S THEATRE BOOKSHOP — the finest & most comprehensive collection of theatre books, plays & recordings. 52 Fitzroy Street, London W1P 6JR. Tel: 01-387 9373 (24 hour answering service).

Opera & Ballet

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE EC1 01-278 8916 (5 lines) CC Group Sales 01-930 6123. First Season ever at Sadler's Wells direct from 1984 Edinburgh Festival 28-31 Aug eves. 7.30pm **Royal Thai Classical Dancers and Musicians.**

Exhibitions

PENTONVILLE GALLERY, 47 Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1. 01-242 8629. Until 25 Aug Martin Wiener — LANDSCAPE OF VIOLENCE — exhibition of paintings. All proceeds to Anti-Apartheid in thier 25th year. Tues-Fri 11am-6.30pm, Sats 11am-2pm. GLC funded.

Museums

THE LONDON TOY AND MODEL MUSEUM houses Europe's finest collection of toy and model trains, boats, cars, planes, dolls, bears etc. Cafe, shop and working garden railways. Suitable for all the family. Tues-Sat 10-5.30. Sun. 11-5.00. 21-23 Craven Hill, W2. Tel. 01 262 9450. Tubes: Paddington, Lancaster Gate. Admission charge.

★ Classified Ads ★
★ 01-251 5487 ★

Rates as follows:

29p per word (private ads — min 12 words — **£3.48**)

31p per word (organisations, trades etc. min 12 words — **£3.72**). BOX NUMBERS £2

£7.80 per cm / £6.80 per cm — charities

HEARTSEARCH £4 for 24 words and box number, **£6** for centred headings and extra space

You can always book your ad by 'phone

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

CLERICAL WORKER with good typing skills wanted one day a week by the Fabian Society, Westminster. Telephone Pauline Bryan, 01-222 8877.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

CIRCULATION SALES REPRESENTATIVE
London Area

required for the expanding distribution department of New Statesman.

NS Distribution at present distributes New Statesman, City Limits, Voice, Sanity, Black Beat International and expects to take on several more titles soon.

The job will be to visit retailers and wholesalers, to contribute ideas on the promotion and marketing of the magazines distributed and to participate in the development and running of the department.

Salary will be dependent on experience but we expect it to be in the region of **£8,000**. A car will be provided. Other terms and conditions of employment are excellent.

Men and women with relevant experience are invited to reply in writing (enclosing full CV) to:

New Statesman

Peter Jones,
General Manager,
New Statesman,
14-16 Farringdon Lane,
London EC1R 3AU

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL
School of Extension Studies
(in collaboration with the Workers' Educational Association)

Arts Council Writer-in-Residence

Applications are invited from novelists of established reputation for a one year post of Writer-in-Residence based in the School of Extension Studies. The School is the extramural department of the University and provides courses for the adult public throughout a large region, including Merseyside. The writer will be encouraged to pursue his/her own creative work and also to be actively involved in, though not responsible for, creative writing and other classes and tutorials with adult students in a variety of settings, including inner city areas.

The residency will be from **1 October 1984** to **30 September 1985** at a fee of **£9,000**.

The residency is sponsored by **the University, the Arts Council of Great Britain and Merseyside County Council.**

Applications should be received not later than **31 August 1984**, by **The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool, L69 3BX**, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote Ref. RV/586/NS.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
BRITISH SECTION

DIRECTOR'S SECRETARY

Amnesty International, British Section seeks an experienced secretary to work as one of a team of 15 paid staff and a large number of volunteers.

The successful candidate will have good typing and office skills (s/h an asset) and will be expected to take initiative in answering routine enquiries, routing materials and information as well as general back-up assistance to the Director in all her projects and ensuring the smooth running of the Director's office.

The BS office is responsible to an elected Council for which the Director's Secretary is required to undertake various secretarial duties including the minuting of at least one monthly evening meeting and at least one quarterly one or two day weekend meetings.

Commitment, a capacity for hard work essential and knowledge/interest in human rights and international affairs helpful.

Salary: £7,500 (under review) + 80p per day LVs. Annual leave: 23 days.

Further details and application form from: Di Weston, Amnesty International, British Section, 5 Roberts Place, Bowling Green Lane, London EC1R 0EJ. Tel: 01-251 8371

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

LECTURESHIP IN SOCIOLOGY

Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer in Sociology. It is hoped to recruit a candidate who would be able, if required, to teach a number of the basic undergraduate courses at present offered in the Department, and to develop new courses in one or two other substantive sub-fields within sociology, possibly at Master's degree level. No particular area of specialisation is required, and applications from anyone with a sound basic training in sociology and some university teaching and research experience will be given careful consideration, whatever their special interests.

Annual salary (superannuable) is on an 11-point scale: **HK$148,080 – 247,560 (£14,380 – 24,030** approx.) (Sterling equivalent as at **19 July 1984**). Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.

At current rates, salaries tax will not exceed 17% of gross income. Housing benefits at a rental of 7½% of salary, children's education allowances, leave and medical benefits are provided.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from: **the Secretary General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF**, or from: **the Appointments Unit, Secretary's Office, University of Hong Kong**. Closing date: *15 October 1984.*

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

The TUC Education Department requires an

ASSISTANT

to work in the field of public education policy. Knowledge of the public education and training system is essential.

Salary starts from **£10,326** including London Weighting.

For further details and application form please write to:

The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress,
Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS
Closing Date: 23 August 1984

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

THE LABOUR PARTY

require

RESEARCH OFFICER

The International Department has a vacancy for the post of Research Officer. The person appointed will be responsible for research related primarily to Western Europe, including the European Community and European socialist parties. He/she will also have some responsibility for wider European questions including Eastern Europe and will be expected to cover some other international questions. Knowledge of one European language (preferably German) is essential for this post and a second foreign language would be an advantage.

Experience of appropriate research work and education to degree level are desirable.

Membership of the Labour Party and a background of activity in the Party and the wider Labour movement would be of considerable advantage.

Salary range: **£10,090-£11,710** p.a. (under review) depending on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms and further details are obtainable from:

The Administrative and Personnel Officer,
The Labour Party,
150 Walworth Road,
London SE17 1JT

Completed application forms should be returned by no later than Friday, 24 August 1984.

The Labour Party is an Equal Opportunities Employer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TUITION

DRAWING, PAINTING, PRINTMAKING, ART HISTORY, YOGA fortnights: rustic hacienda: July-September. Arts & Growth Centre, Canillas de Albaida (Malaga) SPAIN. 01-278 4411 ext. 200.

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

SCHOOLS

WYCHWOOD GIRLS' SCHOOL Oxford, 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal Mrs J.E. Schuller MA.

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

HOLIDAYS/ TRAVEL

CUBA 7 DAYS Tour plus 7 Days Beach Hotel. Full board from £538. Sampson International Hotel. Tel. Welwyn Garden 21266.

HOSPITALITY AND COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B £63 pw. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, LL27 0QA. Tel. Llanrwst (0492) 640566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

AUTHORS INVITED submit Manuscripts. All types (including Poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms. Stockwell Ltd, Ilfracombe, Devon. (Established 1898).

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

POLITICAL PUBLICATIONS

COUNCIL HOUSE SALES: read the radical arguments in favour in **'Housing is Theft, Housing is Freedom'** by Colin Ward. Send £1.20 inc. post to Old Hammond Press, 19 Hungerhill Road, Nottingham.

SOCIETIES

NINE MEN'S MORRIS. Details are available from the Society's founder, T.A. Layton, 3 Sussex Road, Hove, BN3 2WD.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

GENERAL SERVICES

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

TYPING WORD processing and translation, French, German and Spanish. The Transcription Service. 01-735 2964.

UPHOLSTERY/ CHAIR RESTORATION. Loose covers made to order by careful craftsman. 01-908 0147.

BLACK SEA £140
Travel by ORIENT EXPRESS
. . . FULL WEEK with full board
. . . 1st class hotel.
21/31 Aug, 4-14 Sept, 18-30 Sept.

KIEV £170 by sleeper train
Historic capital of Old Russia.
Six days with full board & programme.
21/31 Aug, 11/21 Sept.

MOSCOW by train £180
Still a few places left 4/14 Sept.,
3-13 Nov., 22 Dec.-1 Jan.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

SUMMER HOLIDAYS/AUTUMN BREAKS/ WINTER TREKS/COTTAGES, FARM-HOUSES, VILLAS TO LET . . .

New Statesman Holiday Column is the ideal place to advertise.

Call DAVID JONES for full details
01-251 5487

LISTINGS

FRI 3 AUGUST

LONDON 'Sonido de Londres' — best salsa-cumbia in UK. Disco Concert for Chile. Music, Dance, Drink, Food. 7.30pm Surrey Hall, Binfield Rd, SW4. Tickets: £2/£1.50 unwaged from **Chile Cttee for Human Rights, 266 Pentonville Rd, N1. 01-837 7561. Org. Chile Cultural Fund.**

SAT 4 AUGUST

BIRMINGHAM Acting for Peace in the '80s; Principles and Practice — exploring inner and outer dimensions of peacemaking. Woodbrooke College, Selly Oak. **Details: Stuart Morton, Woodbrooke EMS, 1046 Bristol Rd, D29 6LJ.**

LONDON 3-day Silent Peace Vigil to commemorate the victims of 1945 atomic bombing. 8am-7pm daily by Whitestone Pond (5 mins up Heath St from Hampstead tube). Closes 7pm Aug 6 with music/ dance ceremony. **Details: 01-722 1129/01-482 2297.**

LONDON Special Nicaragua Benefit: 'Private Wars' by James McLure, 'Boticelli' by Terence McNally. 8pm Upstream Theatre, St. Andrews, Short St, SE1. Tickets £3.50/£2 unwaged. All proceeds to Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign. **Details: 01-928 5394.**

PENZANCE Fine Art Sale (Leach pottery etc.) in aid of Ethiopian Famine Appeal to pay for a well. Penzance Arts Centre.

SUN 5 AUGUST

GRAVESEND 'Lanterns on the Thames' Hiroshima commemoration. 7.15 assemble town war memorial, Clarence Place, Windmill Hill. Prayers for peace, procession through town to riverside to float lanterns for rememberance. Assembly point 5 mins Gravesend BR Stn. **Details: Gravesend 66701.**

MON 6 AUGUST

LONDON Hiroshima Day Commemoration 12 noon-1pm Tavistock Sq, WC1. **Details: Camden CND Box 34, NW5 2QF. Sally Laird 794 9847/Averil Ridgway 485 3037 (eves).**

LONDON 'Restrictive Practices and Professionalism in British Architecture.' 1830-1960 by Hetty Startup. History Workshop London Seminar 7pm The Plough, Museum St, WC1.

LONDON Publishing for Peace' — Women in Publishing meeting 6.30pm Upstairs at The Freemason's Arms, Long Acre, WC2. Spkrs incl Liz Calder, Alwyn Wymark, Denise Mooney. All women welcome. Regret no wheelchair access. **Details: Susannah Charloton, 25 Tregothnan Rd, SW9. 01-637 0341 (day).**

THURS 9 AUGUST

LONDON International Day of Solidarity with women of South Africa ANC meeting 7pm Hackney Town Hall, Mare St, E8. Spkrs include Glenys Kinnock, Nghatanga (SWAPO), Edith Yengwa (ANC).

SAT 11 AUGUST

LONDON Women against Pit Closures/ NUM National Women's Demonstration and Gala. Assemble 12 noon Temple Tube, WC2. March via Trafalgar Sq. & DHSS Headquarters, Elephant & Castle to Gala 3pm Burgess Pk, Camberwell Rd, SE5. Stalls, refreshments, children's entertainment. Money needed to transport women and children from pit villages. £6 pays one place on coach. Donations to: **Women's Rally Against Pit closures', NUM St James House, Vicar Lane, Sheffield. Details: 01-582 0996.**

FORTHCOMING

13-18 AUG 'The Roots of Peace Festival' to mark 50th Birthday of Peace Pledge Union (Britain's Secular pacifist org.) 11.30am-9pm daily St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq. Stalls, films, food, creche, wheelchair access. **Details: Peace Pledge Union 01-387 5501.**

18 AUG LONDON Demonstration for British withdrawal from Ireland marking 15h Anniversary of troops going in. Assemble Speakers Corner 1pm. **Details: 18 August Demo. Cttee. 27 Clerkenwell Close, EC1.**

19 AUG LONDON Index on Censorship Benefit. Dame Peggy Ashcroft & Gregory de Polnay with The Galliard Trio. 8pm Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, Hammersmith, W6. **Tickets: £3/£2.50 unwaged from 748 3354.**

25 AUG BIRMINGHAM 'Working with the Media' CND day school 10am-5pm Trade Union Resource Centre, Frederick St. Adm. £2 (bring packed lunch). **Org. W. Midlands CND, 54 Allison St, Digbeth, B5.**

26-27 AUG AYLESHAM, Kent. 2 day Festival 'Mines not Missiles' in support of the miners. Noon till midnight. Org. Canterbury Miners Support Grp./NUM K.T.U.A. **Details: 0304 206271/206661.**

1-2 SEPT DURHAM 'Making our Future: Change in Women's Education'. Residential conf. for those working with women. Workshops on health, community work, counselling etc. **Details: Eileen Aird, Organising Tutor in Women's Education, WEA Offices, 51 Grainger St, Newcastle upon Tyne 1.**

4 SEPT BRIGHTON Labour Solidarity Campaign meeting 5pm Old Ship Hotel. Spkrs Alan Tuffin, Roy Hattersley, Peter Shore, John Smith. **Details: LSC 53 Lancaster Grove, London NW5 01-435 6914.**

7-9 SEPT BIRMINGHAM West Midlands CND regions & areas development/ campaign strategy weekend. St. Francis Hall, Birmingham University. **Details/biking: WM CND, 54 Allison St. Digbeth, Birmingham B5 5TH. 021-632 6909.**

10-14 SEPT. OXFORD 2nd Annual Conf of Howard League for Penal Reform. Pembroke College. **Booking forms: Howard League, 322 Kennington Park Rd, London, SE11 4PP. 01-735 3317/8/9.**

12-14 SEPT BRADFORD 'Peace Studies in Higher Education' Conf. org. for those who wish to write/speak on their experience of Peace Studies teaching and research and those who wish to learn. **Contact: James O'Connell, School of Peace Studies, University of Bradford, W. Yorkshire. 0274 733455.**

14-16 SEPT LIVERPOOL '1984 — the Present, the Future' Politics Assoc. Annual Conf. City of Liverpool College of Higher Education, Prescot, Merseyside. **Details and enrolment: G. T. Prout, Vice Chairman, 64 West Hill Drive, Dartford, DA1 3EA. 0322 75145.**

18 SEPT LONDON Joint GAS/SSS meeting 'The Statistical Systems of the Metropolitan Boroughs' Spkr. John S. Chapman Head of Intelligence Unit GLC. 4.30pm Manson Theatre LSHTM Visitors welcome. **Details from: Denise Lievesley, SCPR, 35 Northampton Sq, EC1V 0AX 01-250 1866.**

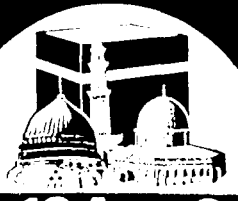
1 OCT LONDON Start of short practical courses on community radio, video, photography, print, design, publicity, using the media. Open to all. **Enquiries: Community Education Unit, London College of Printing, Elephant and Castle, SE1. 01-735 8484 x 264.**

31 OCT LONDON 'The Politics of Technology' — a 300 Group Conference at Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 1 Birdcage Walk, W1. Tickets: £10 membs/ £20 non-membs/£5 students/unwaged incls. lunch, refreshments and conference pack from: **Sylvia Wasserman, 68 Marryat Rd, Wimbledon, SW19 5BN. 01-947 8268 eves.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOCUS ON THE WORLD OF ISLAM



8–18 Aug '84

THREE HOLY PLACES OF ISLAM
Makkah, Madinah and Jerusalem
August 8, 9, 10, & 11.
(11.00 am – 7.00 pm)

The Divine significance of these places will be brought out through photographs, sketches, films, lectures and slide shows.
There is also an exhibition of books on Islam for children. A perfect family occasion.
Admission 50p (children 20p)

WORLD ISLAMIC SEMINAR
August 8, 9, 10, & 11

Ulama, scholars, writers and journalists will discuss the Islamic Revolution in Iran.
(Participation by invitation only)

PUBLIC MEETING (Open Day)
Saturday: August 11.
(2.30 – 6.00 pm)

Ulama, scholars, writers and journalists will address the public meeting on the problems now facing the *Ummah*.

WORLD SEMINAR
August 16-18, 1984
WHAT FUTURE FOR PAKISTAN?

Ulama, scholars from Pakistan and other Muslim countries will discuss the present situation in Pakistan
(Participation by invitation only)

WORLD NA'AT CONFERENCE
Saturday, August 18.
(2.30 – 7.00 pm)

Leading na'at poets, especially from Pakistan, India and Britain will recite their poetry.
Admission £2.00

AT THE LOGAN HALL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
Bedford Way
London WC1
(Tubes: Russell Square, Euston Square & Euston)
Arranged by

The Muslim Institute
6 ENDSLEIGH ST. LONDON WC1H 0DS

HEARTSEARCH

HEARTSEARCH ADS MAKE CONTACTS SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE. Just **£4** buys you an ad. of up to **24 WORDS** and a **FREE BOX NUMBER!** If you want to say more, **extra words are only 26p each.** We send your replies on to you at no extra charge. Even sending your ad to us costs nothing if you use our **FREEPOST** address: Classified Dept. New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB. You can also phone your ad in to us and pay by credit card: Telephone 01-251 5487/8. (Note – Free box numbers only available with this offer – min. charge £4). To reply to a box number, write your reply (if more than one reply enclose each in a separate envelope), place in an envelope marked clearly with the box number, and send to: Box No. Replies, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

ACTIVE, CREATIVE, unusual male, references, 45, 5' 8", needs intelligent rich woman, in exchange for sincerity, labour, accommodation, driving, companionship, or whatever you need. Genuine. Box 8928.

AFRICAN, 32, POET,
seeks female (22-36) for warm, genuine relationship. A lifetime of happiness and fun together. Judge me by my future works.
West Yorkshire.
Box 8966

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

CAMBRIDGE WOMAN seeks intelligent, uncomplicated, non-smoking male, 40-50, to share love with. Interests are crafts, counselling, CND, classical music and cycling. Box 8950.

COOL GUY, tall, divorced, 33, colourful past, have prospects, interests include Latin America, seeking soul-mate without 9-5 mentality who likes life, loving, laughing. So let's get it on. I've a lot to share. Box 8941.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

EDUCATED WOMAN, West Indian, 35, petite, seeks unattached, witty, non-smoking gentleman, for serious relationship. Genuine replies please with photo. London area. Box 8959.

EVERYONE NEEDS Someone. Attractive woman, happy personality, generous build, seeks caring, solvent, personable male, 50s-60s, for companionship, marriage possible. Box 8937.

5' 10" OF AMIABLY liberated woman, of middle years (Londoner), with a taste for good wine and adventure, as well as usual cultural pursuits; currently lacking human warmth and inspiration. Any offers? Box 8961.

FRIENDLY FEMALE companion (single parent?) wanted by unattached guy, 43, graduate, tall, quiet, non-possessive lefty, into politics, literature, cinema, countryside etc. London area. Box 8951.

GENTLE, WITTY, professional man, leftish, fifties, solvent but not affluent, in open and fading marriage, seeks generous, intelligent younger female for easy loving friendship. Oxford-Stratford areas easiest. Small photo appreciated. Box 8926.

I NEED A lover and a friend, male. I am an intelligent, artistic, warm, attractive, lively, humorous woman. Divorced and happy, 41. London/ South East. Box 8965.

LADY (LIVING in Hertfordshire), 31, enjoys countryside, theatre, music, wishes to meet man, 30-40, with similar interests, for genuine friendship. Box 8960.

LADY RETIRED
(but not yet in dotage) is rather bored for want of a male friend who would need car & phone to make contact with her in darkest Surrey.
Box 8943.

MALE CIVIL SERVANT
young looking 58, single, varied interests, C.M., books, O.U. studies, seeks friendship with intelligent, non-smoking female. London based preferred.
Box 8942

TIRED OF BEING ALONE?
EXPAND YOUR CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
FIND THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE
A sincere and confidential service: **STAMP** to
Perfect Partners, 22 Holyrood Gardens, Edgware, Middlesex

LIFE BEGINS AT 40?
solo social sciences lady, 39, bright, pretty, feminist, enjoys male company, seeks intelligent, sensitive, caring man, Yorkshire. State sun sign.
Box 8948.

MALE LECTURER, 46, divorced, sensitive, caring, non Tory, interested in the arts and social sciences, seeks attractive, intelligent female, 30s-40s, for sincere relationship. Midlands. Box 8945.

MALE, 25, seeks warm, affectionate woman friend. Interests include: music, poetry, the countryside, politics, philosophy. Looking for romance and relationship. Please enclose telephone number. Box 8963.

METAMORPHIC MAIDEN, middlebrow, located London, hesitant hedonist, polypursuits, intellectually inclined, realistically radical, needs masculine male, fifties, fagfree, unemcumbered for frank, free, fulfilling, fertile, federation. Box 8962.

OILMAN, EARLY 40s, seeks affectionate female to enjoy music, cinema, good food. Aged 30-40, loving nature more important than looks. Located Scotland. Box 8968.

PARTNERS INTRODUCTIONS
designed to introduce you to new, interesting people like yourself
Tiagh-Beag, Dunally Park, Shepperton, Middlesex.
(0932) 231771 daytime
(0932) 231735 evgs/ wkends

PERCEPTIVE FEMALE, 37, separated, with 5 year-old son and bags of charm (trained as sculptress, currently interior decorating), seeks male kindred spirit to share cultural outings etc, London. Photo please, returned. Box 8939.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN (44) warm, attractive, unattached, non-smoker, interests include: arts, sociology, psychology, politics, theology, walking, dogs. Seeks warm-hearted, intelligent male for lasting relationship. Yorkshire. Box 8955.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 33, married, looking for tall man for drinks, evenings out, fun etc., but no ties. North-East/Newcastle area. Box 8946.

RESPONSIBLE MALE, 35, 5' 8", graduate turned chef, presently based in Manchester, slim, caring and honest, seeks relationship with calm, genuine, feminine, uncomplicated girl. Box 8947.

MALE 24, interested in green politics, seeks female with similar interests. Hampshire/Sussex area. Box 8940.

SELF-EMPLOYED FEMALE designer, 39, non-smoking, leftish views, witty and attractive, seeks similar male, 40-50. Aim: outings away from drawing board. A.L.A. Box 8927.

SEPARATED EDINBURGH businessman seeks intelligent, home-loving lady in similar circumstances. Varied interests, art, music, politics are left wing. Enjoys some travel but not flying. Friendly and normally confident and humorous disposition in secure relationship but vulnerable. Willing to consider move to other part of UK eventually. Would like to exchange letters and photographs initially. All replies acknowledged and utmost confidence assured. Box 8917.

SHY, HARD-WORKING
divorced woman, 40, 5' 7", slim and dark-haired, living in E. Anglia, non-smoker, active in politics and local community, interested travel, music, literature, environment, seeks stable relationship with affectionate, reliable, monogamous male. Academic, professional or similar preferred.
Box 8952

SINGLE WOMAN, presentable and caring, 45, wanting to meet intelligent, unattached socialist Yorkshireman. I'm a teacher needing uncomplicated companionship. Replies answered. Box 8938.

SOPHISTICATED, PRACTICAL, mature woman seeks new, hopefully final relationship cultured, solvent, loving man sharing travel, homes, books, the arts. Around 60. Box 8964.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER (Humanities), young thirties, bi-lingual, enjoys entertaining (gourmet cook!), fun to live with, would like to meet cheerful, friendly, kind, sensitive, sensible, intelligent, educated young woman, willing to live for a few years in the Gulf. Photo and phone number please. Box 8904.

VALERIE, NEARLY 33, seeks birthday present of new friends, non-smokers, North London, creative, intelligent but non-academic, caring but no Social Workers please! Box 8944.

VEGETARIAN FEMALE (40), human/animal rights supporter, seeks compatible, compassionate, non-smoking veggie male. Interests: arts, countryside, travel, history, conversation. Box 8967.

'The moving finger writes' . . . to 'Heartsearch'

'HEARTSEARCH' – 24 words + BOX only £4
'HEARTSEARCH PLUS' – 24 words with centred headings + BOX & extra space only £6. Extra words at 26p each.

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name: _____

Address _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____
or charge my *Access/Visa/American Express

Card number: _____
☐Tick for Heartsearch Plus. *Delete as applicable
Post Coupon to: Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB

36 Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Sirron Typesetting, 14a Clerkenwell Green, London EC1R 0DP.
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED